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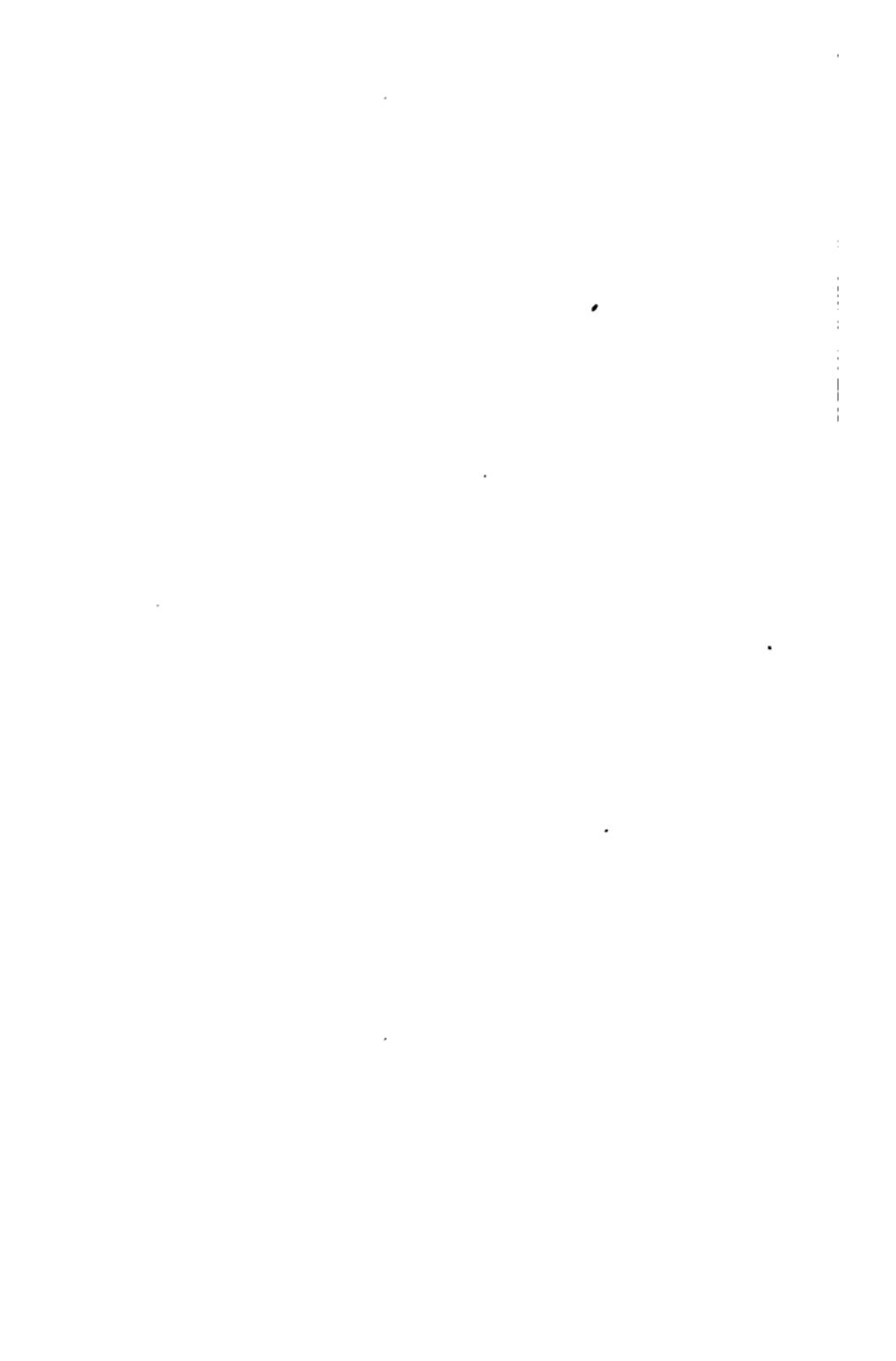
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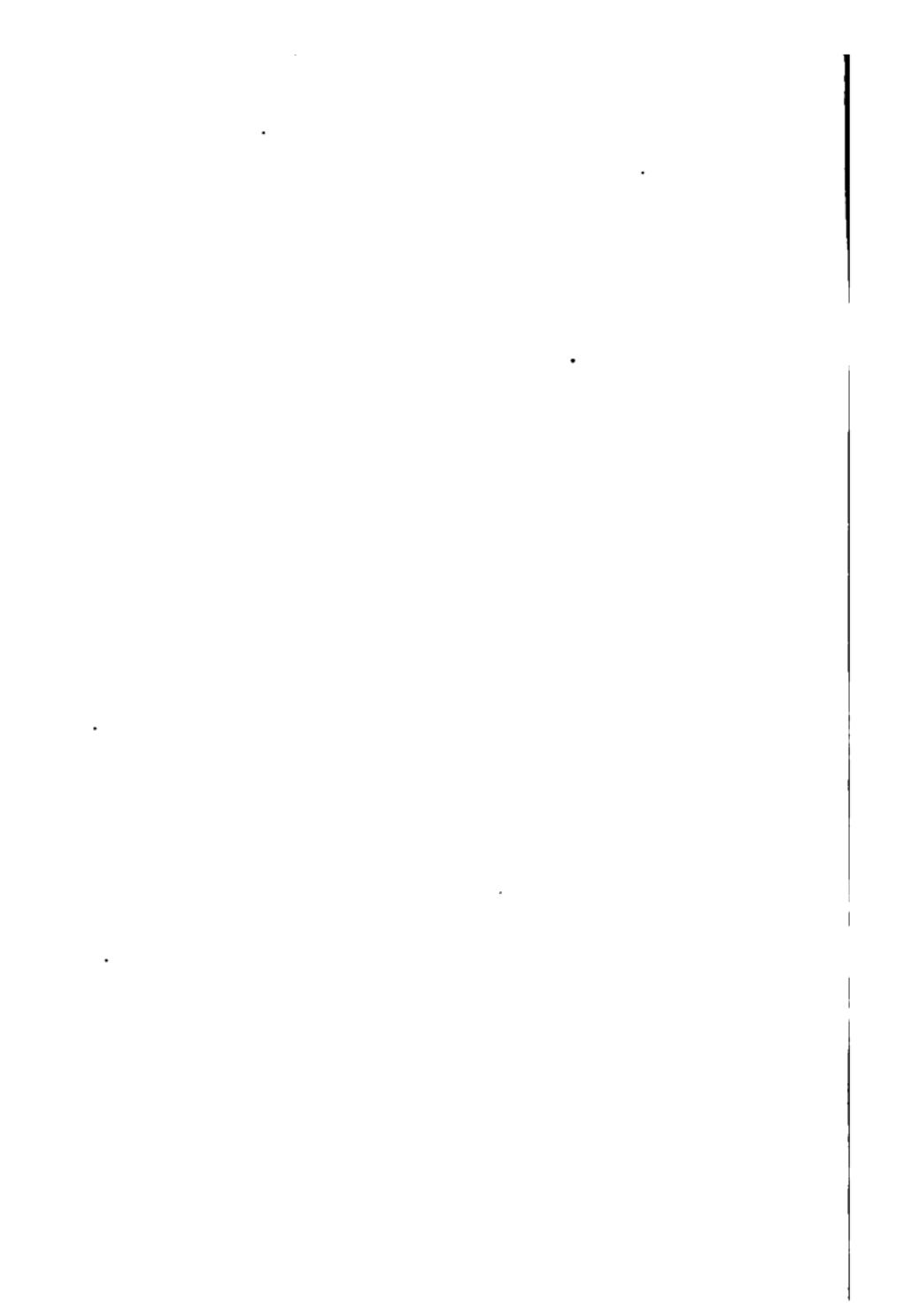


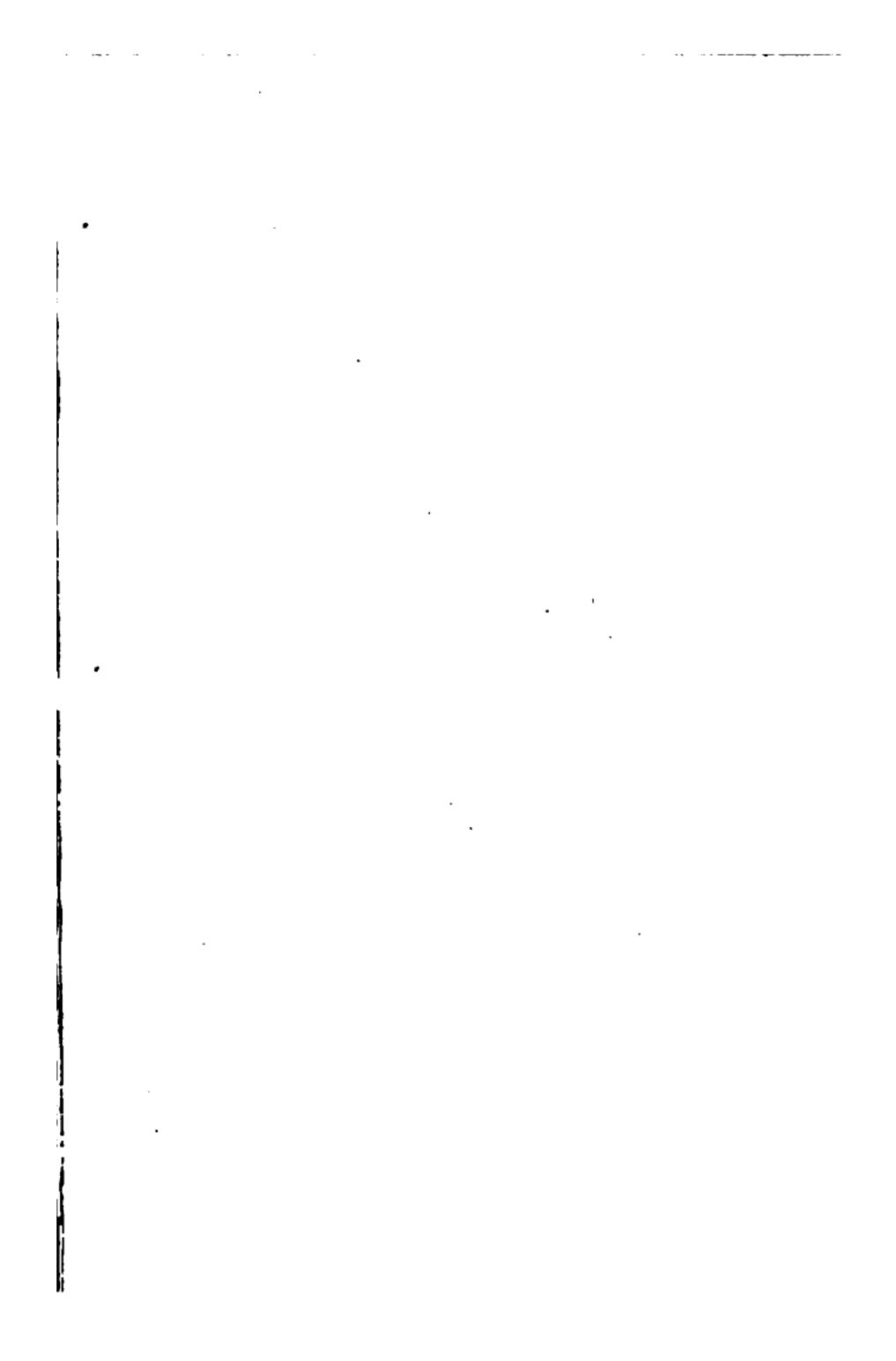


ROSE AND LILLIE STANHOPE;

OR,

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.



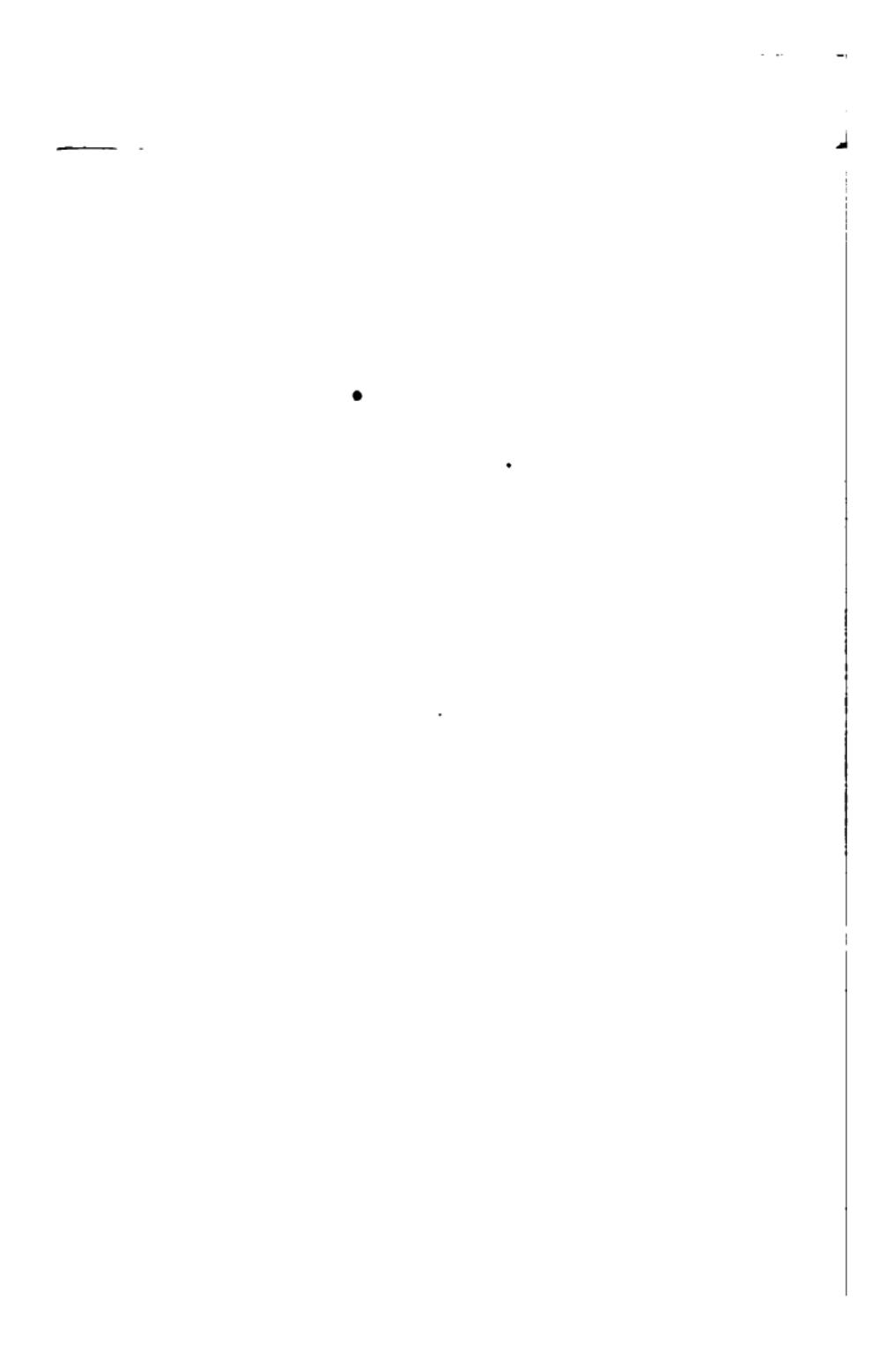




ROSE AND LILLIE STANHOPE.

“Oh grandmamma! I am so sorry!” was all that Lillie could find heart or voice to say.—Page 31.

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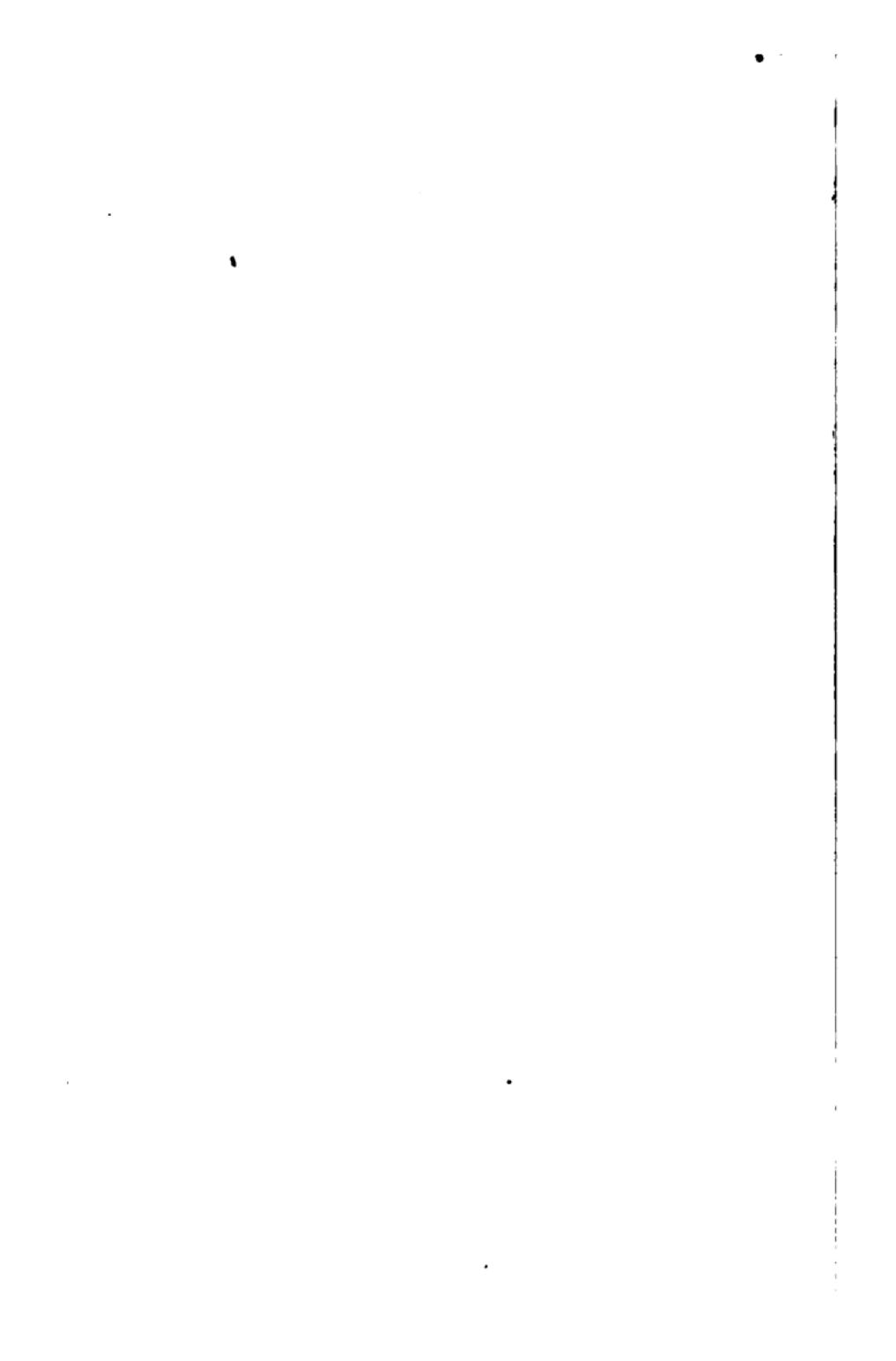


ROSE AND LILLIE STANHOPE.



"Come, Lillie," cried Rose, "I am going to sit under the great tree on the bank and play with Neptune."—Page 38.

T. Nelson and Sons, London; Edinburgh;
AND NEW YORK.



ROSE AND LILLIE STANHOPE;

OR,

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

BY

Maria J. McNeish,

AUTHOR OF *EMILY HERBERT*, *JESSIE GRAHAM*, *BLIND ALICE*,
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ROSE AND LILLIE STANHOPE;

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THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

CHAPTER I.

ON the shore of one of its western lakes, the United States had established a military station. They had erected here long rows of houses, built of gray stone, which it was said could accommodate several thousands of men. At a little distance from these houses, and directly opposite to the beautiful lake, stood the buildings in which the officers had their homes. These were also of gray stone, but they were larger and better built than those occupied by the common soldiers. Each officer had a house to himself; but all the houses were connected by one broad piazza, running along the front of the entire row of

*

buildings. A gay sight was it on a summer afternoon, when the lake was shining like burnished gold, under the rays of the fast declining sun, and the piazza was filled with the wives and children of the officers, to see the soldiers, in their showy uniforms, and with their bright arms, assembled on the level space between the buildings and the waters, for the evening parade, and keeping time with every movement to the music of an excellent band.

But it was not always gay at the *barracks*, as the people in the neighbouring town called this military station,—sorrow, and sickness, and death came there, as well as elsewhere.

There were many children at the barracks, but none attracted so much attention as Rose and Lillie Stanhope. We put Rose first, though she was the younger of the two, because everybody put Rose first. She was very pretty and very lively, and, people said, *a little* spoiled.

It had been four years since Major and Mrs. Stanhope first came to this distant frontier station. It was very painful to them to come so far from all their family and their early friends; especially did Mrs. Stanhope feel it very hard to be separated from her mother,

who was no longer young, and who had no other daughter. But an officer in the army must always go where the Government choose to send him, and Mrs. Stanhope, though she grieved to leave her mother, would have been yet more distressed to part from her husband, and suffer him to come so far away, quite alone. So they all came together, when Lillie was only six years old, and Rose not quite four. Two younger children had been born to Major Stanhope in his western home; but one, just as it had learned to call "Papa," "Mamma," "Ose," "Illie," and as the pattering of its baby feet began to make sweet music in its home, died, and was laid to rest beneath a flowery mound in the little quiet graveyard attached to the station; and the other, a feeble infant, lived but a few weeks. Ever since the birth of this last child, Mrs. Stanhope had been very feeble; and, as the winter came on, bringing cold, bleak winds from the lake, her incessant cough so alarmed Major Stanhope, that he determined, as soon as milder weather made travelling pleasant and safe for an invalid, he would obtain a leave of absence, and take her back to her early home, in a warmer climate. The spring came, bringing songs to

the birds, and flowers to the earth, but it brought no strength to Mrs. Stanhope. She now lay all day upon a couch in the parlour, and answered only with a languid smile, sometimes with a few tears, when Major Stanhope spoke of their going home. At last he ceased to speak of it altogether. His looks, and the tones of his voice, were very sad, and Lillie somehow began to understand that he was very anxious about her dear mother.

“Father,” she said one evening, as she stood beside his knee in the quiet twilight, “when will mother go home?”

They were quite alone; for Mrs. Stanhope had fallen asleep on her couch in the next room, and Rose was at play with some children in the adjoining house. Major Stanhope looked very mournfully and very fixedly at Lillie, for what seemed to her a long time. He tried to speak, but seemed choked. At last, laying his hand on her head—the hand trembled, Lillie thought—he said, softly, “Soon, very soon, I fear, my child.”

Lillie was very much puzzled by this answer; she could not imagine why her father should fear her mother’s going home; but there was something in his manner that awed

her, and she did not dare to ask him what he meant. She did not forget the speech, however; and the next morning, when he went out and left her for a little while alone with her mother, she asked her, "Mother, what made father say he was *afraid* you would go home soon? does he not want you to go? Is that the reason he said *afraid*?"

"To whom did your father say this, Lillie?" Mrs. Stanhope asked, in the low whisper in which she now always spoke.

"To me, mother; because I asked him when you were going, and he did not answer me directly, and I thought he looked very sorry, as if he would cry, and at last he said he feared you would go soon; and I want to know why he said *feared*."

Mrs. Stanhope was not unprepared to hear of her husband's apprehensions. She knew by very sure signs, that the time was near when her body would be laid to its rest in the green, quiet churchyard, beside her children, and her spirit would, through faith in her blessed Redeemer, ascend to her heavenly home. She was a Christian, and had that peace in her heart which only the Christian can feel when death approaches. Yet

some anxious thoughts she still had, and these were for her children, especially for her little Rose—not that she loved Rose better than Lillie, but that she feared there were some things in her character that made all a mother's careful training necessary to preserve her from becoming very unamiable. She reproached herself too, somewhat, for these things. Rose had been so long her youngest, her baby, when she lost her younger children—she had seemed so naturally to take their place, that Mrs. Stanhope was conscious she had indulged and petted her in a manner very likely to make the most amiable child self-willed and exacting. Rose, too, had such beautiful curls, and such a fair skin, and rosy cheeks, and coral lips, that many people were silly enough to tell her she was beautiful; and Rose became vain. Lillie, on the contrary, had been accustomed to yield to her sister, because she was younger, and had seldom found herself admired, or much noticed, while Rose was present; so she grew gentle and humble. Mrs. Stanhope had not seen these differences very clearly till she was on her sick bed; but now she saw them; and every impatient or imperious word from Rose brought

a sharp pang to her heart, as she thought how severe those who had not a mother's patience might be with her, before they curbed that haughty and hasty spirit.

All these thoughts came vividly to Mrs. Stanhope's mind, when she heard from Lillie that Major Stanhope feared she would go home very soon. You must not suppose, however, that she left Lillie's question unanswered for as long a time as we have taken to tell you what she felt. Thought is very rapid—the most rapid thing in the world; and Lillie had hardly said, "I want to know why he said *feared*," before Mrs. Stanhope answered, "Because he is grieved at the thought of my leaving him."

"And shall we leave papa? I thought we were all going," said Lillie. Tears came into Mrs. Stanhope's eyes, and it was a minute perhaps before she could whisper, "No, my darling Lillie, no one is going with me; I must go all alone." Again the tears came to her eyes, and her lips quivered, as she repeated, "All alone."

Lillie loved her mother very tenderly; and the thought of parting from her even for a few months, as she supposed, was so sad

that, bowing down her head, and pressing her cheek to the white, thin hand she was holding, her tears fell silently.

“Don’t weep, my darling,” said Mrs. Stanhope, still in the same feeble voice, “but listen to me. There is something I want very much to say to you now when we are alone; I cannot say it while you weep so.”

Lillie checked her sobs, wiped her tears away, and raising her head, fixed her dark, earnest eyes upon her mother.

“When I am gone, darling, I want you to love Rose very much,” Mrs. Stanhope began. They seemed common words, but there was something in her looks which was not common, and Lillie spoke in as low a whisper as her own when she answered, “I do, mother; I love her very much now.”

“You must love her better even, if possible, my Lillie. She is often perverse. Others may be harsh to her, but you must never be; you must cherish her as if you were her little mother—take care of her—try to make her good, and to make her happy. Love your heavenly Father, and teach her to love him, and he will love you both, and bless you both, my darlings.”

The mother could say no more; she was exhausted; but, as she closed her eyes and clasped her thin hands, her lips moved, and a tear or two stole down her cheeks, and Lillie knew that she was praying for her and Rose.

You will readily believe that Lillie did not forget any of the words her mother had spoken to her with so much feeling. More than once her dear mother smiled fondly upon her, as she saw that, after this conversation, she became more than ever patient with Rose and careful of her. Yet Lillie did not quite understand all that her mother meant till about three weeks after, when she and Rose were awoke in the night, and taken to her bedside by their father, that she might press them once more in her arms, and give them her last kiss and her last blessing. She spoke with great pain and effort; and, as she received Rose in her arms and kissed her again and again, she only whispered, "My darling!" but when her husband, at a sign from her, drew Lillie to her side and placed her feeble arms around her, she said, "My good, precious child, remember Rose!" These were her last words to Lillie, and you may be sure they sank deep into her heart—so deep that

her whole future life showed their influence. The next day when she saw her mother, all in white, lying so pale, and still, and cold, she said to herself, "This is what mother called going home—she meant her heavenly home;" and she drew the weeping Rose away, and told her that their dear mother was with the angels, and that, though they could not see her, she could see them, and that she loved them and watched over them just as she used to do, and smiled on them when they were good children, and would grieve if they were bad.

"And if we love our heavenly Father, and pray to him as she did, Rose, the kind, blessed Saviour will take us when we die to live with her and the angels in their beautiful, heavenly home," said the simple child-preacher.

A few days after, Lillie and Rose saw their mother laid beside their little baby brother and sister. Major Stanhope staid a fortnight longer at the garrison, long enough to place a plain white marble tablet over the grave of the wife and mother who had been so fondly loved, and to plant a few flowers and shrubs around it. Then, having obtained a leave of absence for three months, he set out with his

two little girls for the home of Mrs. Stanhope's mother, near Providence, Rhode Island.

CHAPTER II.

A VERY pretty place was that of Mrs. Gwynne, the grandmother of Lillie and Rose. It was just at the edge of the town, near enough to enjoy all the advantages of its churches and schools, and markets and shops, and even of its pleasant society, yet away from its heat, and noise, and bustle. It was on high ground, overlooking the city, and having, from some windows of the house, a view of the country far beyond it as it rose into higher and higher hills, so distant at last that their faint blue line melted away into the blue of the sky, and it was not always easy to tell where the hills ended and the sky began. But this distant view was not the only, or indeed the greatest charm of Mrs. Gwynne's home. There were nearer beauties in the pretty terraced flower-garden and shrubbery which descended to the water's edge. There was the water view itself—the broad, bold N—

ragansett Bay, with its bright, sparkling waves; and there, in the rear, was the large old orchard, with its dense, cool shade in summer, its flowers in spring, and its fruits in autumn. Lillie and Rose loved the orchard best of all places. They felt freer there than in the house, where everything kept its place, as if it had been put there when the house was built, and had never been removed since, or in the neat flower-garden and shrubbery, every leaf and stalk of which their grandmother seemed to know.

Mrs. Stanhope had been an only child; and since her marriage, Mrs. Gwynne had lived such a lonely and quiet life, that Major Stanhope feared the noise and the careless habits of children would be very annoying to her. This fear was strengthened by some things that occurred during the fortnight that he was able to remain with them.

Mrs. Gwynne had given to each of her granddaughters a small bed in the flower-garden, to cultivate for herself. She gave them both seeds to sow, and a pretty little hoe and rake for their gardening. They were very much pleased at the prospect of having flowers of their own, and, rising earlier than

usual on the morning after they had received the seeds and garden tools from their grandmother, they hastened out to work. They had the seeds of the small pheasant-eyed pinks, and of periwinkles and of lady-slippers and China asters—for Mrs. Gwynne had chosen for them such flowers as would spring up quickly, bloom early, and look very gaily. Lillie first gave Rose some directions about the handling her hoe and opening trenches for her seed, and then she set to work very diligently about her own bed. She dug it up as she had seen the gardener do with one of her grandmamma's beds the day before, and then she began to plant her seed. She intended to put the China asters in the centre, the pinks around the border, and the periwinkles and lady-slippers between them; but she had just covered up her China asters when Rose began to complain that she was tired, and that the work was too hard for her.

“Wait a minute, Rose, till I have done planting my flowers, and I will do your bed too,” said Lillie.

“But I don't want your bed to be done before mine; I want mine done first,” urged the unreasonable little Rose.

Lillie did not tell her, as it would have been quite right to do, that this was very selfish. She only said to herself, "Mamma would like me to do it, and it will not take me long—I shall soon come back to mine;" and dropping the rake with which she had been covering up her seeds, she came to the bed where Rose was at work, and taking the hoe from her, said, "Tell me where I shall plant your seeds, and I will soon have done it."

"I don't care where you plant them," said Rose, "only make them bloom very soon; I don't want a bed without any flowers."

"But I cannot make them bloom, Rose. Grandmamma says some of them will bloom in six weeks."

"Six weeks!" exclaimed Rose in dismay; "and will it look all that time like your ugly brown bed there?"

"Oh no! I should not wonder if we began next week to see little green leaves peeping out of the ground; how pleasant it will be to watch them as they come, and as they grow larger and larger, and then to see the buds begin to swell, and the flowers to come out. Whom shall we give our first flowers to, Rose?"

"I don't know; I wanted to give mine to father, but he will be gone away before six weeks are over."

As Rose spoke, she turned away toward Lillie's bed, and Lillie was for the next half hour fully occupied in hoeing, trenching, and planting her's. As she finished, she called out, "Come, Rose, come and see your bed."

Rose did not answer, and Lillie turned to look for her. She was not in sight, and for a moment Lillie forgot her in gazing at her own bed, which seemed to have proved all she had said to Rose, about the six weeks of waiting, false, and to have suddenly flushed into bloom since she looked at it last. Had a good fairy waved her wand over her garden, and brought out all these flowers as a reward for her attending first to her little sister's? It was a pleasant fancy, but Lillie knew that it was only a fancy, and she drew near to examine more closely into the mystery. She soon saw that these were not the flowers she planted,—that these, indeed, were not planted at all, but were only branches full of blossoms stuck down into the ground. She began to understand the case, and stood looking in dismay upon roses and carnations, heliotropes

and geraniums, when Rose suddenly appeared with a splendid cactus, of which she had heard her grandmother speaking only yesterday, as a very rare variety that was about to flower for the first time.

“I’ve made your garden blossom, Lillie,” said Rose, with delight at her own ingenuity and success.

“Oh Rose! what will grandmamma say? She thinks so much of her flowers.”

“Will she scold, Lillie?” asked Rose, her delight somewhat abated.

At this moment they heard the voices of Mrs. Gwynne and Major Stanhope, who, having learned from the servants that they had been seen going into the garden quite early, concluded they were at work on their own flower-beds, and were coming straight there.

“Oh Lillie! I am afraid,” cried Rose, and, dropping the cactus, she ran off in an opposite direction from that in which the voices were approaching.

“It will be months before the garden will be fit to be seen, and it may be years before that cactus blooms again, if indeed it ever does. It must have been the work of some rude boys from the city, though it is the first

time they have ever annoyed me in this way," Lillie heard her grandmother say as she drew near—heard it as in a sort of dream, unable to resolve what she should do or say—there was but one thought clear to her, she must shield Rose from blame, and her mother in heaven would know all about it, and would smile on her.

Poor Lillie! she needed some such strengthening thought to enable her to bear her grandmother's angry surprise and her father's sorrowful reproaches when they came upon her, standing by the bed in which were stuck all the richest and most beautiful flowers of which the garden had been robbed, while she held the cactus in her hand, as if about to place it with the rest.

"Well, this takes the lead of all I ever could imagine of a child's mischief and destructiveness; and this is my reward for trying to give you pleasure," said Mrs. Gwynne.

"Oh grandmamma! I am so sorry!" was all that Lillie could find heart or voice to say.

"I should think you would be," exclaimed Major Stanhope, in the most severe tone Lillie had ever heard from him, at least when he was addressing her. Completely overpowered by

it, she burst into tears, and turned to throw herself into his arms ; but, for the first time in her life, he repelled her caress, saying, “ I cannot love you when you behave so naughtily ; such wanton mischief would hardly have been excusable in Rose ; in you, who ought to set her an example, it is far worse ; go to your room, you shall have your breakfast sent there,—go at once,” he added in a sterner tone, as she lingered, doubtful what she should do or say.

“ It was Rose, not I, who did it.”

Those few words would have changed all this ; her father would have taken her in his arms, and kissed away her tears, and her grandmother would have been kind to her again ; but she did not say them—how could she, when she had promised so solemnly to try to make Rose happy, how could she say words which would bring on her all the sorrow she was herself suffering ? It was impossible ; so she went weeping towards the house, no one calling her back, though she heard her kind grandmamma pleading for her, and saying, “ It cannot be helped now, and I cannot bear to see her suffer ; children, I suppose, will do these things.”

“Not if they are properly taught. Lillie has mortified and disappointed me beyond expression; and I would have her feel it in such a way that she will never do so again. But where is Rose, I wonder; it is somewhat strange not to find them together.

“Rose seems to have finished planting her bed, and gone in. Dear child! how well she has done it,” continued Mrs. Gwynne, pausing for a moment beside the bed which Lillie had planted so carefully for her little sister. And the weeping Lillie heard her, for, as she walked slowly towards the house, and her grandmamma and father were following in the same direction, they were not far apart. Lillie went to her room without meeting Rose, or any one indeed. She shut her door, latched it, and, going to the bedside, dropped her head upon the pillow, and sobbed bitterly. Gradually her sobs lessened; she began to feel as if she were lying with her head on her mother’s lap, and she were stroking her hair and kissing her forehead, as she used to do when she was in trouble, and whispering softly to her, “My good Lillie, I love you, and your Father in heaven loves you.” Gradually a peaceful smile rose to Lillie’s lips, and she said to her-

self, "This is better than to have poor Rose shut up here, and grandmamma and father will forgive me by and by; I will ask God to make them;" and kneeling, she put up a simple, loving, trusting, child-like prayer for this desired good. She had just risen from her knees when there was a hand laid on the latch of her door; it was turned and shaken, and then Rose cried impatiently, "Open the door, Lillie!"

Lillie opened it, and there stood Rose with her breakfast. Very nice, and hot, and tempting it looked, yet Lillie's tears came when she saw it. Rose did not seem to notice them. Perhaps she did not see them, for she avoided raising her eyes to Lillie's face; and putting the plate of breakfast down, said hurriedly, "Father said I must not stay, Lillie," and hastened away.

For the first time Lillie felt a little angry; it seemed so unkind, so ungrateful in Rose, when she was bearing all this blame for her; "but perhaps she does not know that it is for her," was the kind thought suggested to Lillie after a while, and she grew calm again. She tried to eat some breakfast, but everything choked her, for in everything that was sent she

saw the kindness of her grandmamma and her father, and she was grieved indeed to think that they should suppose her to have behaved badly. She was still sitting before her breakfast when she heard the quick step of Rose upon the stairs; it was very quick and bounding, and Lillie said to herself, "Something has happened to please Rose," and then her heart beat violently as she thought, "She may have told them all, and they have sent her to bring me down."

Rose burst into the room. Her eyes were bright, her lips smiling, her movements quick and joyous. "Oh, Lillie!" she cried, "I am going to town with father, and he says there is a great menagerie there, and he is to take me to see the animals; will not that be nice?"

"Very nice for you, Rose; but pretty hard for me, I think, to be shut up here because you broke grandmamma's flowers, while you are going to town."

Lillie was angry; it was scarcely possible that she should not have been, at the selfishness of Rose. As for Rose, her face flushed, her eyes fell, her lips quivered as she said, "Oh Lillie! I did not know when they sent you here; and when father told me, I wanted

to tell him about it, but he was so cross I was afraid ; and—and—please, Lillie, don't tell on me this time ; I meant to make your garden look pretty, and I will never break a flower again ; and I do want to go to a menagerie so much, and you saw one once, and I never did ; please, Lillie, darling Lillie, let me go, and don't tell on me."

Rose had very coaxing ways, and before she had finished she was in Lillie's lap, with her arms around her neck ; and as Lillie kissed away the tears which her apprehension of losing the drive and the menagerie had brought to her eyes, she said, " No, my darling little Rose; mother told me that I must be your little mother, and I would stay here a week rather than tell on you."

This was very amiable and very generous in Lillie, but it was not wise or right. It was kindly meant to Rose, but it was doing her, not good, but a great evil. It was indulging, and so increasing the selfishness of her nature; and as a selfish person must always be unhappy, it was preparing for her far greater pain and sorrow than a few hours, or even a day's confinement to her own room could have caused her. Even now, excited as she

was with the prospect of a day of pleasure, there was a restlessness about her which showed she was not happy; and through all the long hours of the day, the thought of Lillie sitting lonely and sad in their little room up stairs, came every now and then to trouble her joy, though she tried hard to forget it.

Lillie did not sit lonely and sad all day, however; for scarcely had the carriage driven from the door with Major Stanhope and Rose, when Mrs. Gwynne, kind Mrs. Gwynne, who could not bear to think that any one, least of all, that one of those children whom her dear daughter confided to her in her dying hour, was suffering in her house, good Mrs. Gwynne came to Lillie, and taking her on her lap, kissed her. Lillie was more touched by this kindness than she would have been by harsh words, and putting her arms around her grandmother's neck, she burst into tears and sobbed out, "Oh, grandmamma, you must think me so wicked!—can you ever forgive me?"

"Yes, my child, I forgive you; it was thoughtless, very thoughtless, but you will not do so again; so wipe your eyes and co-

down stairs, and we will say no more about it."

Mrs. Gwynne seemed anxious to take away from Lillie's mind all memory of her unhappy morning, and did everything she could for her amusement while Rose was absent. She invited her first into the poultry yard, and showed her all the different varieties of chickens, from the large Shanghai to the little Bantams; then she carried her to a place in the orchard, where, under the shade of a great apple tree, hung a large wicker cage, with several Barbary doves; the loveliest things in the world Lillie thought them, with their soft feathers just touched with a light pinkish brown, their eyes so gentle, and their soft murmuring coo seeming to say all the time, "I love you, I love you." Lillie was so enraptured with them that Mrs. Gwynne selected a young and very pretty pair, and told her she might have them for herself, and might keep them separately in a smaller cage, and take care of them herself. Lillie called her doves Lillie and Rose. Her grandmamma gave her a piece of narrow ribbon to tie around the neck of each. Rose had a pink, and Lillie a blue necklace.

“I will call Rose mine—the dove, I mean, grandmamma,” said Lillie; “and then I shall have two Roses for pets, and Rose—I mean my sister Rose—shall have Lillie, the dove, for her pet.”

Lillie wanted no greater amusement after this, than to sit in the piazza before the cage, which Mrs. Gwynne had made a servant bring there for her, and admire the pretty ways of her doves, and there she was when Major Stanhope and Rose returned. It was so delightful to Rose, such a relief to her conscience, to find Lillie at liberty again, that she sprang to meet her, with sparkling eyes, and kissed her again and again. Lillie was very glad to see her, and put her arms around her, but she did not dare to raise her eyes, for her father stood beside her, and she was afraid to meet the same stern look he had given her in the morning. But Major Stanhope’s voice was not stern, it was very gentle, as, putting his hand on Lillie’s head, he said, “Have you no welcome for your father, Lillie?”

In a moment Lillie was in his arms, clinging to him, and murmuring, “Please, papa, love me again—please, papa.”

“I always love you, my daughter; I always love you dearly—so dearly that I cannot bear to see you do wrong.”

Rose stole away; she was not so very selfish as to hear Lillie scolded for what she had done without pain, yet she had not courage enough to do justice to her sister, and acknowledge her own wrong-doing. Lillie would gladly have stolen away too, but she could not, for her father’s arm was around her. She knew not what to say. It seemed almost like telling an untruth—a thing which Lillie would not have done for the world—to ask forgiveness of her father for a fault she had not committed, and she was determined not to betray Rose; so she could only hang her head and say, or rather sob, as she had already done, “I am very sorry, father—I am very sorry.”

“And so am I, my dear Lillie; I would not for the value of all the flowers in the country have had you show yourself to your grandmamma as so rude, and destructive, and ill-taught; it was casting a reproach upon your blessed mother, Lillie, as if she had not taught you better.”

This was the last drop of bitter in Lillie’s

cup. She had so loved her mother, she was so devoted to her memory, that to please her even now, that she could only think of her as looking down on her from heaven, was, as you may have seen, the most powerful motive of her life; and now to be told that she had cast reproach upon that hallowed memory, "it was too much—it was too much," she said, in the depth of her heart, while she wept so violently that Major Stanhope became almost alarmed, and soothed her, saying, "You did not think of all this, Lillie, I know, for you loved your dear mamma; and now, you will remember what I have said, and you will be very careful never to give your grandmamma any more trouble. She is old now, and I feel very badly at leaving so great a charge upon her as you and Rose must be, even should you be very good and very careful children. Should you be bad, or even should you be careless and inconsiderate, it will make me very unhappy."

"Oh, father! I will be good! Indeed I will!"

"I thought I could trust you, Lillie, though I was a little afraid of Rose; but now—"

"Oh, father! trust me. Trust me again, father!"

“I will try, my daughter; I am going on public business that may detain me for several months, let me have the satisfaction, when I return, of hearing that you have been a comfort instead of a care to your grandmother. I hoped that you would watch over Rose, and keep her from doing wrong.”

“I will try, father.”

Major Stanhope sighed. He could not feel much confidence in such a promise from one who had herself done anything so wrong as he supposed Lillie to have done that morning; but he saw she had suffered very much, and kissing her, he rose, and they went into the house, where Mrs. Gwynne called them to her neatly spread tea-table. Very soon after tea, Rose grew sleepy; the excitement of the day had fatigued her; still she was, as most active children are, unwilling to go to her own room, and leave others sitting up, and apparently enjoying themselves. Her father’s positive command was necessary to overcome this reluctance. When this was given, she said “Goodnight” to her grandmother and to her father, and to her sister, “Come, Lillie!”

“But Lillie is not sleepy,” said Major Stanhope; “are you, Lillie?”

"No, father; but Rose always wants me to go with her. She will not go to bed without me," answered Lillie, rising to say good-night.

"You can help her to undress, and then come back again," suggested the grandmother, desirous to please both.

But Lillie knew there was no probability of her being permitted to return, so she gave her good-night kisses before she went.

Though Rose had insisted on having Lillie with her, she did not seem disposed to talk to her when they were in their room. In truth, she found herself thoroughly uncomfortable when she was alone with Lillie, for she could not shake off the thought that her sister had borne blame and punishment for her fault. It was not a pleasant thought, you will all acknowledge; but perhaps you will be surprised to hear that it did not make Rose love Lillie better. Indeed, this thought seemed to stand like a wall between her and her sister; and instead of the pleasant chat, and the loving kisses that Lillie always expected at this hour, Rose was silent and cross, undressed rapidly, and was about to throw herself into bed, when Lillie said, "Rose, darling, you have not said your prayers."

Rose dropped on her knees, hurried over a form of words, with no prayer in her heart; then, rising, turned quickly again to her bed.

“Kiss me, Rose,” said Lillie.

Rose stopped, and turned her cheek coldly, almost angrily to her sister.

“Don’t you love me, Rose?” whispered Lillie.

“Oh! do, Lillie, let me go to bed, and don’t talk to me when I am so sleepy,” answered Rose, impatiently.

Lillie might have asked, “Why did you insist on my coming with you, if you do not wish me to speak with you?” Perhaps something like it she would have said, for she certainly felt a little vexed with Rose; but almost before she could speak, the cross child was covered up in bed, and pretending to be asleep.

And now I would have my young readers pause here and ask themselves which of these two sisters they consider as the most to be pitied—the most unhappy? Lillie, we have acknowledged already, had not acted wisely towards her little sister; neither was it right towards her grandmother and her father, that she should have suffered them to be deceived

by Rose; but she had endeavoured to do right, to obey the mother who had been taken away from her, and to please the heavenly Father who has commanded us to "love one another," and to "be kind and pitiful" one to another; and now she could kneel and pray to Him with the same humble, yet peaceful and loving spirit with which a child who has tried to be good and obedient can come to its mother's arms. It was very hard to have her grandmother and father believe her guilty of such a wicked action as robbing the garden to plant the flowers on her own bed, but they still loved her, and had forgiven her, and she would try to be so good that they should forget all about it. It was harder still to have Rose, for whom she had suffered, angry with her; but then, she said to herself, "Rose is always cross when she is tired; to-morrow it will be quite different;" and so Lillie lay down to sleep, at peace with herself, with her friends, and with God.

Rose had suffered no blame, no punishment. She had been indulged in all she desired, and her day had passed with even more than usual enjoyments. But deep in her heart was the memory of the wrong she had done to

her grandmother, and the yet worse wrong to her sister. Her conscience told her that she ought to go to her father and say, "Lillie is innocent—I pulled the flowers;" but she resisted her conscience, so she had no peace in herself; she thought Lillie must be angry with her, though she did not show it, and she knew that her grandmother and her father would be very much displeased if they discovered the truth; therefore she could not be said to be at peace with her friends, and still less could she be at peace with the holy God while she refused to tell the truth, and do justice to her sister.

Few, we think, would not prefer to be Lillie, with her day of mortification and unjust displeasure, rather than to be Rose, with her enjoyments.

CHAPTER III.

"PLAY as much as you will this week," said Major Stanhope to his little girls at parting; "after that your governess will be here, and then you must go to work."

"What did papa mean by our governess,

grandmamma? Who is our governess?" asked Rose, as soon as she could gain her grandmamma's attention.

"She is a lady to whom your father has written, requesting her to come and teach you and your sister; do you not want to learn?"

"I don't want a strange lady to teach me."

And whenever the name of Miss Maitland, the expected teacher, was mentioned, Rose looked sulky.

"Will you go with me in the carriage to meet Miss Maitland, children?" asked Mrs. Gwynne, one morning, at breakfast. "She came in the Stonington boat from New York last night, and must be in Providence this morning."

"I don't want to meet her," said Rose, in a tone that was not very courteous, either to her grandmamma or Miss Maitland.

Lillie hesitated; and Mrs. Gwynne said, "Will you go, Lillie?"

"Thank you, grandmamma; but I think I will stay with Rose," was the more civil reply.

"Well, do as you please, only keep out of mischief while I am gone, my dears."

The carriage drove off, and the children were left to themselves, and to the care of an

old housekeeper, to whom Mrs. Gwynne had said in passing, "Look a little after the children, Beckey; see that they do not hurt themselves, or get into any mischief."

"Come, Lillie," cried Rose, as soon as they were alone, "bring the pretty story you were reading yesterday, and finish it for me; I am going to sit under the great tree on the bank, and play with Neptune.

Neptune was a large Newfoundland dog, black as a coal. He was a great pet with Mrs. Gwynne, and every day or two his long waving hair was washed and combed, which kept it as smooth and sleek as a lady's. It was a great delight to Rose and Lillie too, to sit upon the bank, under the shade of a large elm tree, whose branches overhung the water, and to throw chips, or leaves, or pieces of bark into the water, and see Neptune bound in, swim off, and bring them back in his mouth. It was a warm morning, and Lillie thought it very pleasant to sit on the green bank, reading the *Swiss Family Robinson*, with the breeze blowing freshly from the bay, and the pleasant sound in her ears of the water rippling just at her feet. Rose liked it too for a while, but then she grew tired of

being still, and she and Neptune roamed off.

"Where are you going, Rose?" called Lillie to her, as she saw her moving away.

"Read on; I will be back directly. Neptune and I want to have a little run."

"But you will miss so much of the story; shall I put it down till you come back?" Lillie asked the question with reluctance, for the father and sons of the Robinson family were just going on an exploring expedition, and she longed to know what they found. The answer of Rose relieved her.

"No; read away; you can tell me all about it."

Lillie read, and Rose and Neptune scampered about the garden walks. At first they made a great deal of noise, then they seemed to grow tired of barking and calling, and became quiet. Lillie was just beginning to wonder what had become of them, when she heard the voice of Rose, in a half-frightened tone, calling, "Lillie! Lillie! look here."

Lillie looked in the direction of the voice, and sprang to her feet in alarm. Nearly opposite to her, in the stream, borne gently along by the current, which was sweeping it

every moment farther from the shore, was a small boat, in which sat Rose, trying to laugh, yet evidently becoming frightened; and Neptune, who looked now at his companion, and now at the receding shore, and whined, as if he were conscious of some hazard. A succession of cries from Lillie brought all the servant women from the house to the bank in less than a minute; but there they stood in blank despair, exclaiming and scolding, but doing nothing. Fortunately the boat had been carried into an eddy, by which its onward progress was stopped. As the force of the eddy turned it around, however, and Rose found herself with her back to the shore, and the prow of the boat setting directly out toward the widest part of the bay, she became more alarmed, and screamed loudly to Lillie to save her. Lillie could not bear it. It seemed but a little way from the shore to the boat; perhaps she could walk there, and pull the boat in; at any rate she must get to Rose, if it were possible. So crying, "Hush, Rose! don't be frightened, I am coming to you," she sprang from the bank, and was nearly up to her waist in the water before the old house-keeper could seize her, and drag her by main

force—fighting, kicking, screaming—to the shore. At this critical moment, the fisherman approached, whose boat, drawn to the water's edge, and secured there only by looping around a stump on shore the rope which was tied to a ring in her prow, had attracted the restless and daring Rose to her perilous adventure. In an instant he saw the state of affairs, and saw, too, how the evil might be remedied, if he could only make Rose understand him, and do what he directed.

"Look ye here, little Miss," he said to Lillie, "if you want to help your sister, you'd better stop kicking and scratching old Beckey, and holler to her not to be frightened, but jist to listen to me, and do what I tell her."

Lillie was quiet in a moment.

"Rose," she cried in a voice whose tones with wonderful self-control she made as calm and as steady as if her little heart were not trembling with fear; "Rose, don't be frightened; just listen to this good man, and do what he tells you, and you will be here in a minute."

The attention of Rose was arrested, her hope was excited, and she turned her intelligent eyes upon the fisherman.

"Give your dog the end of the rope that is in the boat," he cried, "and tell him to bring it here."

Rose put the end of the rope into Neptune's mouth, and bade him go, pointing to the shore. The fisherman, whom Neptune knew well, threw off his shoes, and wading a little way into the water, called the dog in an encouraging tone, and the sagacious animal, bounding from the boat into the water, swam rapidly to him. The rope, once in the man's hand, to draw the boat on shore and lift Rose from it was but the work of a moment.

"Now, Miss, come right away and be locked up till your grandma' comes; I aint a goin' to be skeared out of my life again," cried Beckey, seizing Rose by the arm as soon as she touched the ground.

Quick as she was, however, Lillie was before her. Her arms were wrapped tightly around the recovered Rose, to whom she held fast, as Beckey would have drawn her away, exclaiming, "You shall not lock my sister up; if you lock Rose up, you shall lock me too."

"What is all this? Beckey, what are you doing to that child? And Lillie, have you tumbled in the water?"

Lillie and Rose turned together, and there stood Mrs. Gwynne and Miss Maitland, whose coming had been unnoticed in the confusion. It certainly was an unfortunate moment for Lillie's introduction to her new teacher, and her eyes fell as she saw the inquiring look which Miss Maitland cast upon her wet dress and her flushed and excited face. Beckey's talk did not probably improve the impression her appearance was calculated to make. The adventure of Rose was lightly touched by her; but on the angry feelings that Lillie had exhibited she was more severe.

"I was jist a'goin' to put the child where she wouldn't get into no mischief," she said, "and Miss Lillie flew at me like a tiger, and abused me all to pieces."

This was a greatly exaggerated account of Lillie's conduct, but she was too much abashed, now that her excitement was over, to defend herself. Mrs. Gwynne looked at her sorrowfully, but she made no remark on Beckey's disclosures, only bidding Lillie to go and put on some dry clothes, while she drew Rose to her side, and presented her to Miss Maitland. Lillie's heart swelled with something like resentment, as she turned away and went slow!

towards the house, sprinkling the garden walks and the floors as she passed along to her room with the water that streamed from her saturated dress.

“ I am always blamed when Rose does wrong, and Rose does not care for it in the least,” she said to herself; yet, when Rose after a while came up to see if she were ready to come down, Lillie forgot all these hard thoughts, or, if she remembered them at all, it was to blame herself for having had them. Especially did they seem unjust to her when Rose said, “ I told grandmamma that you did not abuse Beckey at all, and it was wicked in her to say so.”

“ And what did grandmamma say ? ” asked Lillie, kissing Rose with as much gratitude for this proof of her affection as if she had vindicated her at the expense of some blame to herself.

“ She said I must come and see if you were dressed, and tell you you must come down and see Miss Maitland ; and, Lillie, I don’t think she is so very cross.”

“ I dare say not, Rose; I never thought she would be,” said Lillie.

“ She was now dressed, yet she lingered

till Rose said, "Come, Lillie, or I will go without you;" then she followed her down stairs, her heart beating, and her cheeks flushed with apprehension at the thought of the impression the first sight of her must have given to Miss Maitland. Her apprehensions were all relieved when she entered the parlour, for Miss Maitland came forward to meet her so kindly, and spoke to her in such a pleasant voice, that Lillie's heart was won at once.

Miss Maitland was no longer young, and her face was grave, but very gentle, and both Rose and Lillie soon learned to think it beautiful; her voice too, was, as I have said, very pleasant. The children soon felt quite at ease with her, and chatted with her as if she had been an old friend. Lillie had almost forgotten the morning's troubles when Miss Maitland said to her, "How did you fall in the water this morning? Were you in the boat?"

Lillie coloured and hung her head as she answered softly, "No, ma'am."

"Then how did you get so wet?"

"I went in the water to get to Rose; I was afraid she would be carried off and drowned."

“And the old woman—what is her name?”

“Beckey, ma’am.”

“Beckey did not want you to go; was that the cause of your quarrel with her?”

“Yes, ma’am,” whispered Lillie, colouring a yet deeper crimson, “and because she wanted to lock up Rose.”

“Well, I am not sure that Beckey was not right in both. The water would probably have been over your head, and so you would have been drowned if she had let you go; and we can hardly wonder that she should have wanted to lock Rose up, to keep her from making any more voyages till her grandmamma came back.”

Miss Maitland said this so good-naturedly, that instead of being offended, Rose laughed at the thought of her voyages; and when she added, taking Lillie’s hand in hers, “Do you not think she was right?” Lillie answered at once, “Yes, ma’am.”

“Then you would not like to tell her so, would you not?” asked Miss Maitland very gently.

Lillie hesitated; she could not say she would like it, Beckey had been so cross, and had said such unkind things of her; but then there was

another thought, and Lillie said softly, “*ought* I to tell her so, ma’am?”

“I think you *ought*.”

Lillie had been taught to think a great deal of that word “*ought*;” so, drawing her hand out of Miss Maitland’s, she walked straight out of the room, and going to Beckey, who was superintending the arrangement of the dinner table in the opposite parlour, she said, “You were right, Beckey, to take me out of the water and to want to lock up Rose, and I am sorry I was so cross to you.”

“And so you’ve found it out, have you? Well, that’s more *sinsible* than I thought ye’d be; and as to the crossness, why, may be I was a bit cross myself, so that’s no matter.”

Lillie came tripping back to her seat beside Miss Maitland with a bright, pleasant smile upon her face.

“You feel happy now,” said Miss Maitland, meeting her smile with one as bright, and taking her little hand again in hers. Lillie answered only by a look of intense satisfaction. Rose looked at all this with wondering eyes; but Rose was not accustomed to wonder in silence.

“Miss Maitland,” she said, “I don’t know

what you and Lillie mean ; how can it make her happy to go and tell Beckey that she was right, and that Lillie herself was wrong ; I think that is a very strange kind of happiness."

"Is it strange to you, my little Rose ? I am sorry, but you will become acquainted with it soon, I hope."

"But can't you tell me about it ?"

"I do not know that I can. It is something that we must feel for ourselves ; it is not easy for another to describe it."

"Can you not tell me what it is like ?"

"It is most like what the angels in heaven feel, I think."

Rose felt awed by Miss Maitland's tone and manner ; her eyes fell, and she was silent for some minutes ; then she drew very close to Miss Maitland, and whispered softly, "My mother is an angel in heaven, Lillie says."

Miss Maitland answered only by drawing the motherless child close to her bosom, and laying her hand softly on her golden curls. Just then they were called to dinner, and after dinner Miss Maitland lay down for a while, by Mrs. Gwynne's advice, to rest herself after her journey ; but before the sun set,

her pupils were again hand in hand with her, leading her through the pretty grounds of Sunnyfield, as Mrs. Gwynne called her home.

Rose was in high spirits, running hither and thither, bringing Miss Maitland now a flower and now a bunch of currants or of cherries. At length Miss Maitland's hands were quite full, and she said, "No more—no more now, Rose—stay with Lillie and me, and talk with us a little; I have a question or two to ask you."

Rose turned her smiling face towards her governess.

"You look very much pleased this evening; and as you wanted to understand what made Lillie happy this morning, so I want to know what makes you happy. Will you tell me what it is?"

Rose looked puzzled; and after a moment's hesitation, answered, "I don't know."

"Think for a moment when you are happiest."

"Oh! I believe it is when people give me everything I want," said Rose, looking up again with a smile.

"But did you ever get everything you wanted?"

Rose thought a while, and then said, "Not everything; but I have had plenty of candies and playthings on Christmas."

"And is that your greatest happiness? Why, then a pig is just as happy as you ever were, when he gets all he wants to eat and drink, and plenty of mud to roll himself in."

Rose did not exactly like to think of a pig's happiness as the same with hers, and she added, "But I am happier when people love me, and pet me, and call me their darling little Rose."

"That is better—that gets beyond the pig;" and Miss Maitland laughed, and Rose and Lillie laughed too. "That I think comes up to Neptune; he is very happy when people love him, and pet him, and call him good Neptune."

"Don't you like people to love you?" asked Rose.

"Oh yes! and I like candies and playthings too; but these do not make me the happiest of all."

"What does, then?"

Miss Maitland seated herself on one of the rustic benches placed here and there about

the grounds. Lillie sat down beside her, and she drew Rose upon her knee.

“As you have answered my questions so pleasantly, I must try to answer yours. But first, tell me, did you ever hear a voice just here”—and she touched the spot where Rose’s heart was beating—“saying, ‘Rose, you ought not to do that,’ or, ‘Rose, you ought to do this?’”

“Yes; and I know what that voice is named. Papa told me it was named Conscience.”

“Papa told you very rightly; and now, did you ever do what Conscience told you not to do? I think you must have done so, because we all have—have you not?”

Miss Maitland was silent, and looked very gently, but very steadily at Rose till she answered “Yes.”

“And after you had done it, did you not feel very unhappy?”

Miss Maitland waited till another slow “Yes” fell from the lips of Rose.

“Do you think all the candies, or all the petting in the world, could have made you quite happy at such times?”

Again the answer came slowly and hal-

reluctantly from Rose. She was thinking of the day when the menagerie, and all her father's kindness, did not make her happy, and she said "No."

"Now then, I think you can understand that it is just the opposite with those who always listen to that voice, and try to obey it. Obedience to it makes them very happy, happier than anything else in the world ; and what is strange, the more difficult the obedience is, the more you have to resist your own inclinations in doing what is commanded, the more happy you are when once it is done ; and though it may in some way bring trouble and suffering upon you, all the trouble and all the suffering cannot take away this great happiness. This is what the Bible calls 'peace of conscience.'"

Miss Maitland sat quite still for some time with her arm around Rose, and one of Lillie's hands clasped in hers. The children did not move. Rose had hardly ever been quiet so long ; but there was an expression in the countenance of Miss Maitland which made her fear to disturb her. Miss Maitland was a Christian woman ; and it is probable that when she had that solemn, earnest look, she

was lifting her thoughts up to heaven, in prayer to God, that he would teach these dear children by his own Spirit.

Soon she began to talk to them again. She made them notice all the beautiful things around them, many of which had never before attracted their attention; such as the various shades of green in the foliage, and the delicate hues of the flowers; the exquisite perfumes that the breeze bore to them from clumps of evening primroses and beds of English violets; the crimson glow that lingered in the western sky long after the sun had set; the new moon that floated in the air like a tiny boat of gold, and the evening star that seemed to light it on its way. They were delighted with her conversation; and when they went to their room that night, Rose said, "Lillie, I think she is beautiful;" and Lillie was sure that, whether beautiful or not, she loved her dearly.

CHAPTER IV.

PERHAPS Rose did not think Miss Maitland quite so beautiful the next day when she came to recite her lessons to her, and found that her governess could be quite as firm as she was gentle and pleasant. Miss Maitland knew that Rose was not accustomed to study, and gave her therefore very short lessons; but these lessons she insisted should be thoroughly learned. From ten to twelve in the morning, and from three to five in the afternoon, were the hours allotted to study. Mrs. Gwynne had proposed, that when the afternoon lessons were over, the children and Miss Maitland should drive with her to see an old gentleman who had a very beautiful place in the neighbourhood. Mr. James was an eccentric old gentleman, who lived alone; and, as if to make amends for the want of human companionship, had collected around him a great many pets. He had a fountain in his grounds, and around it a large marble basin filled with goldfish. He had also an aviary of birds, and a tame deer, some pretty little white rabbits, and a beauti-

ful tabby cat. You will easily believe that both Lillie and Rose looked forward with delight to seeing all these pretty creatures. They talked of little else out of school, and Rose even began to say something about them in school, but Miss Maitland stopped her, saying, "Come, Rose—lessons *now*, and play by and by; and remember, you cannot go with us unless your lessons have been learned and recited perfectly."

This thought quieted Rose for a while, but soon she grew tired, and began to draw pictures on her slate; and when this was taken away from her, to gaze out of the window, or lend an attentive ear to the movements of the servants as they passed along the gravel walk on their different errands. It was not very surprising that, when called on, Rose knew little, if anything of her lessons; yet, when the clock struck twelve, she threw down her book and started up, clapping her hands, and exclaiming, "Oh! I'm so glad; now we can go—can't we, Miss Maitland?"

"Lillie can go, Rose, for she has finished her tasks; and I can go, for I have done mine as far as you would permit me; but you must stay till you have learned your lessons."

The first emotion experienced by Rose was unmixed astonishment. She stood just where she had sprung in her gladness, gazing on Miss Maitland, as if to detect some sign that this was but a jest, till she saw her put aside the books and papers before her, and rise to leave the room, then tears gathered in her eyes; and as Miss Maitland said, "I shall lock the door, Rose, to prevent any one coming in to disturb you; when you are quite sure you know your lessons ring the bell on my table, and I will come back to hear you recite them; come Lillie,—she wept passionately."

In an instant Lillie was at her side; and, throwing her arms around her, looked pleadingly up to Miss Maitland, saying, "Do, Miss Maitland, let me stay; I can help Rose to learn the lesson."

Miss Maitland hesitated; she did not think the indulgence wise for Rose, but, unable to resist the generous pleading of Lillie, she at length consented.

One hour's study was enough for all which Rose had before found it impossible to learn in two. The little bell was rung, and, without a moment's delay, Miss Maitland appeared. As Rose went through her recitations Lillie

stood near in breathless anxiety, her lips moving in answer to every question, as if she hoped by these voiceless words to communicate to Rose the information she needed, while her face flushed with apprehensive feeling at every momentary hesitation in her sister.

"Very well, Rose," said Miss Maitland, as the last lesson was completed. "Now you can enjoy your rest without having that voice we talked of the other evening whispering uncomfortable things to you."

Rose returned Miss Maitland's smile—her tears were already forgotten—and flew off to the shady piazza, where Neptune welcomed her with a succession of quick, joyous barks, that said as plainly as barks could do, "I am so glad you have come back; I did not know what in the world to do without you."

The experience of the morning was not lost upon Rose. In the afternoon she gave herself to her lessons till they were learned, and recited them before Lillie, whose memory was not so quick in its action as that of Rose, had more than half accomplished her tasks. As Rose finished she exclaimed, "Now I have done all, I may go—may I not, Miss Maitland?"

“Certainly, if you wish it; but you would like to stay with Lillie, would you not?”

Rose looked disappointed, hung her head, and at last said, “Lillie does not want me—do you, Lillie?”

“Not if you want to go, Rose,” said Lillie, pleasantly; yet Miss Maitland heard a little sigh from her, as if she could not help being a little sorry that Rose should want to leave her.

“May I go, Miss Maitland?” questioned Rose.

“Yes, Rose, if the voice will let you.”

Rose did not hear, or did not heed the last words, and scampered away. Lillie looked longingly after her, but soon Miss Maitland drew her attention back to her lesson by a question or two, and then, by a few pleasant words of explanation, smoothed away her difficulties, so that in half an hour she was able to follow Rose.

“Are you just done your lessons, Lillie?” asked her grandmamma, as she saw her crossing the hall. “Rose is nearly dressed for our drive; you must make haste, or you will keep us waiting.” Lillie did make haste, and appeared on the piazza quite ready as the carriage drew up at the door.

The drive was delightful. The road wound through a beautiful wood skirting the bay, of which bright glimpses were every now and then to be seen. The house of Mr. James stood on the side of a hill. The piazza in front was ten or twelve feet high, and you went up to it by as many steps; while, in the rear, you stepped directly from the parlour windows to the beautiful green sward. Mr. James had no flower-garden. He loved roses, and there was a great abundance of these about his place. He had opened walks through the beautiful woods that surrounded his house, and you were often surprised to find a climbing rose trailing its blossoms over the branches of an elm; and in some more open spot, sheltered however by tall trees from the cutting north winds, to find a perfect rose-garden. Still, even roses were not half so much an object with him as his beautiful trees; and these were scarcely so much valued as the petted animals which were to him friends and companions. His beautiful cat was perched on his shoulder, and the tame deer stalked majestically after him, as he came out to welcome his visitors. The fountain, with its goldfish darting about like gleams of sunlight

in its marble basin, was directly in front of the house; the white rabbits were chasing each other over the lawn; and from the boughs of an orange tree placed in the aviary, canary birds were singing gaily. Rose and Lillie were enchanted. Mr. James seemed to enjoy their delight, and went very kindly with them from place to place, showing them all that he thought could interest them. He was a little old gentleman, dressed with great neatness, wearing morocco pumps and silk stockings, and ruffles of the finest linen cambric on the bosom and wristbands of his shirt. His countenance was very friendly and good-natured, yet there was a quickness in his eye which made Miss Maitland think it would not be difficult to make him angry.

The little rabbits, usually so shy, were very tame. Mr. James had been accustomed to feed them from his own hand, and had never allowed any one to chase them or worry them, so they had no fear, and played around the feet of Rose and Lillie as if they had been kittens. Rose thought it would be the pleasantest thing in the world to catch one of them and carry it about in her arms, as she had been accustomed to do with her kitten;

so, darting away from the side of Lillie and Mr. James, she tried to seize one that was playing in the road before her; but the rabbit was not accustomed to be held, and apparently did not like the prospect, for it raced away, and Rose raced after it. Mr. James liked this as little as the rabbit. Lillie heard him say, in a hurried, impatient manner, "That mustn't be—that mustn't be;" and she hastened after Rose, and catching her by the hand, held her still till the rabbit had escaped into the shrubbery.

"She did not know it was wrong, sir," said Lillie to Mr. James, as he hurried towards them with an angry face. "You won't run after them again—will you, Rose?"

"I did not mean to hurt the rabbit, Lillie; I only wanted to hold it and play with it," said Rose, hesitating to make a promise which there was so much temptation to break.

"And suppose I was to hold you and play with you," cried Mr. James, seizing her as he spoke by her arm, and tossing her about pretty much as Rose might have tossed the rabbit, showing a strength that was quite wonderful in so old a gentleman. "Oh, you

don't like it," he cried, as Rose struggled and called out in a frightened tone, "Lillie! Lillie!" then putting her down, he added, "Well, remember the rabbits do not like it either; but now there's a squirrel," he exclaimed, as one appeared at the foot of a tree, "run, run, and if you can catch it, you may have it."

He laughed heartily; and Rose, thinking it had all been a joke, laughed too as she sprang away after the squirrel, which, bounding and leaping, led her a merry chase for about a hundred yards, and then springing up a tree, ran to the end of a branch, and stood there, peering down at her through its merry eyes, and shaking its tail in triumph. Lillie was very much relieved when Rose escaped from the rough play of Mr. James. To tell the truth, she was not quite sure that it was play, and she walked along with him, feeling not by any means so much at ease as she had been a few minutes before. He soon made her ashamed, however, of her want of confidence. Looking at her as kindly and gently as if he had never been angry, he said, "You are a good child—would you like a kitten to take home with you?"

"Oh! yes, sir; I should be delighted to

have one," answered Lillie, with voice and eyes full of gladness at the thought.

"And you will not let your sister tease it to death!"

"Oh! no, sir; Rose would not tease it—she would love it dearly."

"Well—well—may be so, but you must take care of it; I give it to you."

"Oh! thank you, sir—thank you—I shall be so obliged to you; but I must run and tell Rose."

"And bring her back with you. I must go and have a warm bed made up in a little basket for kitty, that she may not take cold as you are carrying her home."

Lillie was enchanted. She loved pets, and had seldom had one, Rose having generally claimed everything of that kind which they received. To this, however, she could make no such claim, for Mr. James repeated to her, and again to Mrs. Gwynne, when they returned to the house, that the kitten was Lillie's, and that he had given it to her because she was such a good girl, and would not let his rabbits be troubled. Rose looked a little vexed at this, but she was quite mollified when she got in the carriage, and Lillie let

her hold the basket in which kitty lay coiled up in her warm bed of soft cotton, fast asleep. On the whole, the visit to Mr. James had been very pleasant to both the sisters, and they were almost equally pleased when he said to them at parting, " You must bring your father over to see me when he comes."

It was an invitation which Rose and Lillie were not likely to forget, and which they were sure to accept as soon as Major Stanhope's return gave them an opportunity.

CHAPTER V.

MISS MAITLAND, we have said, was a Christian woman, and it followed, of course, that she was very anxious to impress all good thoughts and feelings upon the minds of those she taught. This she thought even more important than any human knowledge. Human knowledge—such as we obtain from schools and books of science—is chiefly valuable as it enlarges the mind, and enables us better to understand those great truths respecting our own souls and our great Creator which are

taught us in the Holy Bible, and in which we find our best happiness in this world and our only hope of a better. Feeling thus, Miss Maitland found many opportunities to bring before the minds of Lillie and Rose the power and goodness of God our Father, the love of our blessed Saviour, and to lead them to those ways of wisdom which she knew to be ways of pleasantness and peace. On Sabbath afternoons, when they had returned from the church which they attended in Providence, she was accustomed to sit in the piazza, where Rose and Lillie would bring their little chairs, and, seating themselves beside her, would beg for what they called a Sabbath story. Sometimes she would read them one of the interesting tales published by the Sabbath School Union, and sometimes she would invent something which should be at once amusing and instructive. These inventions of Miss Maitland were generally allegories,—that is, they conveyed some great truth under the appearance of fiction. We will give you one of them, which she called "The Happy Garden," that you may better understand what we mean.

THE HAPPY GARDEN.

There was once a great king who built a palace in the midst of a beautiful garden in the country for his children. Here everything was provided for their comfort and pleasure; and so long as they kept within certain limits they could fall into no danger. But the king had many enemies, who, knowing how much it would grieve him that any evil should happen to one of his children, constantly surrounded the garden, and held out temptations to the children to stray beyond it. If these temptations were successful, they offered others still more alluring, and led the poor child on still farther and farther till they brought it to a wilderness full of dark caves, and left it there to be devoured by the howling beasts of prey, of which the wilderness was full. Even there, however, if he should hear her cry for help, he would send a messenger who should deliver her from all dangers, and lead her in safety through the wilderness, not to her former home, but to one far more beautiful, from which no temptation could ever make her desire to stray, and to which no enemy of the king could

come, for there he dwelt himself, and such was the glory that surrounded him, and so wonderful was the majesty of his presence, that no enemy dared to approach him.

Once this great king sent three of his daughters to his country palace under the care of the same person. This was an excellent woman, who, during their infancy, took all the care of them that the tenderest mother could have done. When they were able to walk about the garden, she called them to her and said, "Now, my dear children, my master has sent for me; he has other work for me, and I must leave you. Before I go, I have some last directions to give you. You will now walk alone through the garden with no one to lead you by the hand as I have done: be careful that you do not wander from the right paths, or suffer yourselves to be tempted by the enemies of your royal father beyond the palace grounds. Although, after I am gone, you will, as I have told you, have no one to lead you about, your father will not leave you altogether without guidance. He has appointed for each of you an invisible attendant, who will be always beside you. These attendants have received all those in-

structions which from time to time I have given you, and they have also the written rules which your father has prescribed for the government of his children. Each of them is furnished with a golden spear. While you walk in the right paths, they will hover around you to support you when you are weary, to fan you with their wings when you are faint, and to cheer you when you are sad, by breathing in your ears the sweet music of your father's home. They will shed light upon your path when the night is approaching and all around you is growing dark, and while you are at peace with them your slumbers will be quiet and refreshing. Should you at any time be tempted to step aside from the paths in which your father has commanded you to walk, a slight touch from the golden spear of your attendant will gently admonish you of your danger, and if you persevere a severer thrust will be given. If, after repeated admonitions of this kind, you refuse to return, the fine point of the golden spear will become blunted by use, and if your attendants do not desert you altogether, they will only follow you to throw dark shadows on your path, and to oppress

your hearts by sounds of lamentation and woe."

These little girls had very different dispositions, which were indicated by their names. One was very retiring and shy; she was called Snowdrop. A second somewhat less shy, cheerful, good-humoured and affectionate, was named Primrose. Tulip was the third. She was fearless and frolicsome.

After they had tenderly kissed the kind guardian of their infant years, and parted from her with many tears, they entered the garden, in which they had never before walked without her guidance. There, at first, all was joyous and exhilarating. The sky was bright, the flowers sent forth the most delicious fragrance, the birds sang among the branches, and when these were silent, they were cheered by yet sweeter music from their invisible attendants, the fanning of whose wings kept a cool breeze ever playing around them. For several hours the sisters sported through the garden walks, receiving scarcely a touch from the golden spears of their attendants, for they were so sensitive that the slightest prick caused them instantly to draw back from the new direction they were about to take, into the

old and permitted paths. But Tulip grew very weary of these, and said it was very stupid to be travelling for ever and for ever over the same ground, however delightful that ground might be. Her eyes wandered hither and thither in search of something new. The enemies of her royal father, who were ever on the watch, soon began to perceive her state of mind, and all their charms were used to tempt her beyond the limits of her father's grounds.

"See," she cried to her sisters, "see what beautiful flowers are blooming in yonder walk, and what brilliant birds are hovering over them. There is nothing like them here; our flowers look pale and faded beside them. I am sure there can be no harm in our going that little distance and gathering but a few of them. We can return directly."

"Stay, stay, dear Tulip, I cannot go with you; for if I even look in that direction I feel the touch of the golden spear," said Snowdrop.

"I am sorry for you," said Tulip. "My attendant is much more accommodating. I have not felt the least prick from him for a long time, and as long as he does not admon-

ish me that I am wrong, I will certainly follow my inclinations."

Tulip prepared to go, but Snowdrop caught her hand, entreating that she would not leave her.

"May it not be, dear Tulip," she asked, "that the golden spear of your attendant has been blunted by frequent use?"

This was the case, in truth, for Tulip had required many a hard thrust to keep her so long within the limits that were safe for her. But people do not like to be told such things even when they deserve them; so Tulip answered angrily, and breaking rudely away from her sister's restraining hand was soon far on her way to the coveted flowers. The imploring cry of Primrose, "Oh Tulip, Tulip! do not leave us!" delayed her for a moment, and she turned to say, "I cannot come back to you, Primrose, but you can come to me,—surely you cannot hesitate to take these few steps for my sake, unless indeed you, like Snowdrop, think I am too wicked for you to associate with."

"Oh Tulip! you mistake," cried Primrose, "our good, gentle Snowdrop never meant that; we will come to you and so prove that

your were mistaken. Come, Snowdrop!" and the affectionate Primrose as she turned her steps towards Tulip, held out her hand to Snowdrop. But Snowdrop would not go.

"I cannot, dear Primrose," she said, "I cannot go there, and I hope you will not go."

"But shall we leave poor Tulip by herself? Surely that will not be right."

"It is better than that we should go with her when she is walking in forbidden paths. We will send a message to our father, entreating him to send after Tulip and deliver her from the enemies in whose hands she is about to fall."

"Oh Snowdrop! I cannot wait for that," cried Primrose; "you may stay here and send your messages, but I must go myself and try to bring our dear Tulip back. For such a cause I must bear even the sharp piercing of the golden spear, if indeed my attendant does not cease to oppose me when he knows my object."

Primrose was gone from Snowdrop's side before her sentence was concluded. Snowdrop returned alone to the garden paths, through which she had walked with her sisters. Everything around her was as beautiful as

ever, yet there was sadness in her heart as she thought of Primrose and Tulip, and she sent many messages to her royal father, entreating him to bring them back from the dangerous ways in which they were wandering. She could not, however, be unhappy long, for her attendant regaled her with the sweetest music, in which he sang the love and the glories of her father, until, in the thought of these, all other things were almost forgotten.

When Primrose had overtaken her sister, Tulip promised that if she would only go with her to the flowers which were just before them, and allow her to gather a few of them, she would then return with her; but when this was done there was still another and another beautiful object leading her on farther and farther from her father's grounds. Whenever they reached these objects of pursuit, and Tulip paused to seize them, Primrose felt the spear of her attendant admonishing her to return, and she would heed it so far as to urge her sister to fulfil her promise and go back with her; but when Tulip pointed to some other attraction which she must first secure, Primrose was easily persuaded to abandon her intention and go forward with her, assuring

her attendant always that her return was only delayed for a little while. By these assurances she probably hoped to induce him to abandon all opposition to her progress, and she doubtless did render his thrusts somewhat less severe.

At first the objects they saw seemed to Tulip and Primrose more brilliant and gorgeous by far than anything which the garden had presented, but they soon found that what was most beautiful at a distance grew coarse and ugly as they approached,—that what they grasped most eagerly was often covered with thorns that penetrated their hands, inflicting the keenest suffering, and that when they looked back on the course they had passed all seemed dry and barren. At length this appearance extended on every side. There was nothing attractive, nothing pleasing, before, behind, around them. They went on because they could not go back, not because they hoped to gain anything by the advance. Every moment their way became darker and drearier, and soon the distant howlings of wild beasts struck on their ears and terrified their hearts. They would have fled, but on every side there were sounds of dread, and

they knew not whither to go. To increase their distress, instead of the music which had charmed them in the garden, they were now followed by sounds of lamentation and woe. These sounds produced a very different effect on the minds of the two sisters. To Tulip they only recalled the objects which had tempted her from the happy garden, and while they embittered her distress for their loss, they enkindled the most ardent desire for their recovery, and caused her to run hither and thither in search of them. To Primrose, on the contrary, they brought back the memory of the happy garden, of her beloved Snowdrop, of her departed nurse, and of the royal father to whom she had owed all these blessings. She felt now with the bitterest regret the value of all she had lost. She contrasted the dark sky above her, the rugged rocks around, the barren earth, with the brightness and the beauty of the garden ; the frightful howlings and the sounds of sorrow, with the music that had cheered her there. Above all she mourned over her ingratitude to her father. "Vile creature that I am," she cried, "if I should even be devoured by wild beasts, it will be but a just return for leaving the home

my father had made so lovely for me, and for seeking my pleasures among his enemies. Oh! that I had heeded the touch of the golden spear, while it might have kept me in the right way; now, though it pierce my heart with anguish at every wrong step, it cannot teach me how to return to the garden. Oh! that my father would hear my cry for help,—he only can help me. Oh! that I could but once see his face, that I might fall at his feet, acknowledge my ingratitude, and die there, if die I must."

Tears streamed from the eyes of Primrose; her heart was filled with greater love to her father, and greater sorrow over her offences against him than she could express. Suddenly a great light shone around her, and in the midst of it stood one whom she knew for her elder brother. His countenance was at once gracious and majestic, and at the very first glance she both feared and loved him. He had received many grievous wounds in fighting with her father's enemies and hers for her deliverance. He called to her to follow him, and with trembling joy Primrose turned and followed. The road over which he led her was not like the smooth and flowery paths of

the Happy Garden ; it was often rough and thorny, but the light was ever around her, and she sometimes caught glimpses of the golden towers of her father's palace,—so she knew she was travelling to him, and that thought made her very happy."

Miss Maitland ceased speaking, and Rose immediately exclaimed, "But what became of Tulip, Miss Maitland ?"

"I cannot tell, Rose ; when Primrose last saw her she was entering a dark ravine, whither it led or what befell her there, I cannot say."

Rose looked very thoughtful for some seconds, and then asked, "Do you think the wild beasts devoured her?"

"I do not know," said Miss Maitland, "but I think she had great reason to fear the roaring lion that goeth about seeking whom he may devour."

"Miss Maitland," inquired Lillie, "was the attendant with the golden spear Conscience?"

"Yes, Lillie, have you never felt the touch of the golden spear?"

"Yes, ma'am; but how could Snowdrop send messages to her father?"

“ Do you never send requests to your Father in heaven, Lillie?”

Lillie dropped her head and again said softly, “ Yes, ma’am.”

“ Do you remember anything in the Bible against those that do not listen to the voice within them and heed the touch of the golden spear, Rose?” asked Miss Maitland.

Rose coloured and shook her head; and after waiting a moment, Miss Maitland repeated very solemnly, “ He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be cut off, and that without remedy.”

The story, and this comment upon it, made a great impression upon Rose. She felt afraid when she remembered how often she had refused to do what her conscience had urged her to do, and she resolved that it should never be so again; that she would always be obedient to the very slightest direction of conscience. Yet there was one thing that conscience was even now urging on Rose, which she could not make up her mind to do. Cannot you imagine what this was? I think so; I think you will all remember that Rose still suffered her sister to be blamed for what she had done; that Mrs. Gwynne and

Major Stanhope still supposed that Lillie had stripped the garden of all its beautiful flowers to put into her own bed. If Rose had been as determined to be guided by the golden spear as she thought herself, do you not think she would have told the truth now in this matter?

CHAPTER VI.

THERE was certainly a little change in Rose after the Sabbath on which she heard this story or allegory. She did make some effort to leave off some things that were wrong, and to do some things that were right. Perhaps we might even say she made a *great* effort—for Rose had been so unaccustomed to control herself, that it must have taken a great effort on her part to do anything she did not like to do. To a generous little girl, there would be nothing painful in giving the largest piece of cake, or the finest fruit, to another; but it probably cost poor Rose a great struggle to give up these dainties to Lillie, as she almost always did after this Sabbath. This distressed Lillie very much. It really

wrong to her that she should have the best. Besides, she did so love to see Rose enjoy such things. Miss Maitland was a little grieved to observe that Rose wished others to see her generous acts. Rose would measure the pieces of cake, so that every one should see that she had taken the smallest; or she would go to Mrs. Gwynne or Miss Maitland to say which was the finest peach or pear, and then she would insist that Lillie should take that. When Miss Maitland observed this, she said to herself, "After all, Rose is not truly generous; she has only learned to like praise better than cake or fruit." This was, however, a mark of improvement. It showed that Rose could resist her own inclinations when she thought it right to do so. It was well to like praise—the probation of good people—better than cake or fruit, and it gave Miss Maitland hope that Rose would one day like doing right better than being praised; that she would learn how much pleasanter it was to have the still small voice within her say to her, "Well done!" and no one else say a word, than to have that whisper, "Fie! for shame!" and everybody in the world praise her.

So for a few weeks Miss Maitland hoped, and Rose tried a little to mend; and Lillie loved both, and was very happy, except when Rose distressed her by being too generous; and then, when those weeks were ended, Major Stanhope came. Glad, indeed, were his children to see him, and happy was he in tracing every sign of improvement in them. They read to him, and recited the last piece of poetry they had committed to memory for him, and showed him their copy-books.

"You have both improved in your writing," said Major Stanhope, as he looked at these, "but Lillie's has been kept more neatly than yours, Rose."

"But I am older, you know, father," said Lillie.

"That is true;" and touched by her generous thought, Major Stanhope stooped to kiss her, "Rose will, I hope, grow more careful;" then putting his hand on Lillie's head, he added softly, "and Lillie, I hope you have learned to be as careful of what belongs to others as of what is your own."

Lillie had been looking in her father's face with eyes sparkling with delight & bation, but in an instant her

and her eyes grew dim, for she knew her father had not forgotten the garden—that he still thought of her as selfish and mischievous. But Lillie was not the only one who heard this whisper, or the only one who suffered from it; Rose felt a keen, hard thrust from the golden spear, and the voice whispered to her, “You should not let your sister be blamed any longer for your fault; it is even worse to do so now than it was at first, because you understand more of the evil.” But Rose did not obey the voice. She answered—all in her own thoughts—“It is no use to tell about it now—it happened so long ago—but I will not do so again—no, not for the whole world.” Rose did not know herself yet. She had still to learn, that every time we disobey the voice of conscience we make it more difficult for us to do right—more difficult for us to resist our inclinations when they would lead us to do wrong.

You may be sure that Lillie and Rose were not long with their father before they had told him of their visit to Mr. James—of all the pleasant things they had seen there, and of his invitation to them to come back and bring their father with them. Mr. James did

not, however, trust to this slight invitation to procure him the pleasure of seeing Major Stanhope. As soon as he heard that the Major had returned to Mrs. Gwynne's, therefore, Mr. James sent a note to him, saying, that though he was too old a man to make visits himself, he was not too old to enjoy pleasant company, and it would give him great pleasure if Major Stanhope would dine with him on the following day, and still greater, if he could bring the ladies with him, and his little girls. It was impossible to resist so cordial an invitation, seconded by the children's entreaties; and accordingly, the next day, Mrs. Gwynne and Miss Maitland, Major Stanhope, Lillie, and Rose, dined with Mr. James. The summer had passed away, and it was a cold, though bright day in November. The beautiful roses had all passed away with the summer, and the elm trees stretched their leafless branches across the road. The rabbits were nowhere to be seen, and the goldfish had departed. Everything looked bleak and dreary without the house; but within it, all was bright, and warm, and cheering. A wood-fire burned in a large, old-fashioned chimney; on a stand,

near a sunny window, was a glass vessel, in which were some of the goldfish; and two cages hung in the room—one containing a mocking-bird, the other a much larger bird, with very brilliant plumage, from South America. This pleasant bright parlour opened on a conservatory, in which many choice flowers were blooming. A part of this conservatory was separated from the rest by a wire netting, and within this were the other birds which Lillie and Rose had seen in the summer.

The dining-room, though equally warm and cosy, was not quite so attractive to the children as the parlour in which they had been first received, for it had neither goldfish, birds, nor flowers. They were permitted, therefore, to go back to the other room after dinner, while their elders lingered over their nuts and apples, listening to the pleasant talk of Mr. James, who had seen many countries, and could describe very agreeably their scenery and their people.

For some time the two little girls were satisfied with looking through the glass doors at the flowers in the conservatory, or with watching the goldfish as they glided slowly

and gracefully about, but Rose grew weary of this, and turned to the birds. She had brought an apple from the dining-room with her, and she was much amused by biting off pieces and holding them to the mocking-bird, which was so tame that it would come quite near, and peck at them for a while, and then, hopping on its perch, would sing one of its loudest and sweetest songs, as if thanking her for her goodness. After a while, the mocking-bird had apple enough, and would come to her no more, and Rose turned to the other bird. Here she found the wires of the cage too close to permit her to insert the apple between them, while the bird, whether because it was shy, or because it had no taste for apple, would not come near. Rose, determined not to be baffled, began to undo the fastening to the door of the cage.

“Oh, Rose! what are you going to do?” cried Lillie, who had hitherto watched her proceedings quietly, and not without amusement.

“I am going to put the apple inside the cage.”

“Oh! but the bird may fly out! Dont! dont, Rose!” and Lillie laid her han’[’] the door. It was too late to prev

she feared—indeed, her movement probably only hastened the event, for Rose grew angry and threw her hand so forcibly off that the door flew back, and in an instant the bird was out. They strove to catch it, but in vain. Their efforts probably only occasioned it to fly more rapidly and wildly around the room, striking its long, hard bill against the panes of glass—first in one window, and then in another, as if it hoped to escape through them. Suddenly, having probably caught a glimpse of itself in the mirror above the mantel-piece, fancying that it saw a companion wheeling through the air, it flew thither, and dashing its sharp bill against the glass, broke it into a thousand shivers. Lillie cried out, “Oh, father, father!” and Rose turned pale with fear. The cry brought the whole company from the dining-room. As the door was opened away flew the bird into the hall, and away went Mr. James after it. Hither and thither, up stairs and down, went the old gentleman, wearily, but perseveringly. It was fortunate that it was winter; no window was open, and the bird could not therefore fly away. We will leave Mr. James to pursue it, and return to the parlour.

A single instant's glance had shown Major Stanhope the mischief done. His eyes turned on Lillie, and Lillie's great brown eyes met them with a beseeching expression in them. She saw that her father thought her the guilty one. Miss Maitland, on the contrary, looked at Rose, but Rose would not meet the look—she turned away her face.

"Who opened that cage?" asked Major Stanhope, sternly.

"I didn't father—Lillie ——"

"Oh, Rose!" interrupted Lillie, reproachfully.

Rose stopped—hesitated; then added, "I know I didn't open it."

"And there was no one else here but Lillie," said Major Stanhope.

"Oh, father! please don't say it was I. Indeed—indeed—I didn't open it, father."

"Then who did, Lillie? Did Rose? Hurt and angry as she was with Rose, Lillie could not say yes. She was silent, and Major Stanhope considered her silence an acknowledgment of guilt. Mrs. Gwynne too thought so. Miss Maitland only doubted; she thought it was much more like Rose than it was like Lillie to have done this, and then '

her fault. Before anything more could be done, however, towards discovering the truth, Mr. James entered with the bird in his hand, its feathers ruffled, and its bright eyes wild with fright.

“I am exceedingly sorry for this affair, Mr. James,” said Major Stanhope.

“Don’t speak of it—don’t speak of it,” cried Mr. James. “The glass is of no consequence, and I have the bird again; if I had lost that indeed—the only one of its species ever brought to North America—” Mr. James stopped here, as if it were impossible for words to tell what he would have done had this precious bird been lost.

All the brightness seemed to have vanished from the little parlour after this. Mrs. Gwynne and Mr. James tried to keep up a little chat while the horses were being harnessed, and the carriage brought to the door; but Miss Maitland and Major Stanhope were unusually silent, and Lillie and Rose were, from different motives, equally uncomfortable. All felt glad when the carriage was announced; they were pleased with any change. Yet, when they were in the carriage, Lillie thought it was worse than ever to be so near her father, and

to have him so cold, and stern, and silent. She sat next to him, and once she ventured to put her hand on his knee, but he looked at her angrily, and pushed it off. The tears in Lillie's eyes ran over, and with a little sob she sank back into the corner of the carriage, and looked out of the window, that no one might see her face, while she asked herself again and again, "Did mamma mean this? Did she mean that I should let Rose tell stories, and let papa be angry, so angry that he will not love me at all?" and at this thought the poor child sobbed out. Just then the carriage stopped—they were at home—the home that Lillie had left so joyously that morning. Major Stanhope lifted her out last. As he did so, he said, "Have you anything to say to me, Lillie?"

"Oh, papa! you don't love me any more, and indeed I didn't let the bird out," sobbed poor Lillie, her heart heaving as if it would burst with every sob.

"Then who did, Lillie? Again I ask you, did Rose? I cannot believe she would be so wicked as to do it herself, and then say that it was you. I should disown her for

Major Stanhope spoke very angri'

not quite know the strength of his own words; they frightened Lillie for Rose even more than for herself, and she stood before her father without speaking a word.

“I ask you, Lillie, for the third and last time, did Rose do this? If she did not, then I know that you did.”

Lillie sobbed on without a word.

“Go to your room, and do not let me see you again to-night,” exclaimed Major Stanhope, and he turned into the parlour, while Lillie went sobbing up stairs.

Major Stanhope, though he was a very affectionate father, had very rigid notions about discipline, and thought that no fault deserved such severe punishment as the want of truth. He thought that Lillie had told a lie to conceal her fault when she said, “I didn’t do it;” and he felt as if he himself were dishonoured in having one of his children commit such an act. It was not surprising, therefore, that he should have looked very sternly when he entered the parlour. Miss Maitland was just about leaving it, but he asked her to stop a moment, adding, “I wish to request that no one will go up to Lillie to-night. Perhaps if she is left to her own thoughts, and

sees that we are all displeased with her, she may be brought to confess what she has done."

"But are you sure," said Miss Maitland, and there she stopped; she did not like to suggest all her doubts of Rose.

"Who else could have done it? She does not pretend that Rose did it."

Miss Maitland could not answer this; for, as she did not know the reason of Lillie's silence about Rose, it did seem strange to her. She could only say, therefore, "I do not understand it, but Lillie has always seemed to me very truthful."

"May I not send some tea to her?" asked the kind-hearted Mrs. Gwynne. "After all, it seems to me no such great crime to let a bird out of a cage."

"That is not it, mother," said Major Stanhope; "that would have been carelessness, and would have deserved perhaps a reproof; but I hold no expression of displeasure too severe for a lie. I would rather that even Rose should not go to Lillie to-night, if there were any other place for her to sleep."

"She can sleep with me," said Miss Maitland, who had reasons of her own for this proposal.

“But I must send a light to Lillie,” said Mrs. Gwynne.

“Well, send her a light, and let the girl who carries it tell her to go to bed, as Rose is to sleep with Miss Maitland.”

And what do you think Rose felt, as she stood by and heard all this? Do you think she felt no pang at hearing her father speak so of Lillie—no distress at the thought of her sister going lonely and supperless to bed? If you do, you are unjust to Rose, and imagine her to have been far more wicked and hardened than she really was. The golden spear was in her side, and the voice no longer whispered, but seemed to shout in her ear, “It was mean and ungrateful in you; you thought you were getting to be very good, and now you have done the most wicked thing you ever did in your life. If you had told the truth, your father would have been a little angry, and it would have been all over; now, how much harder it will be to tell him that you have told a lie; yet you ought to do it—it is the only way in which you can have peace of conscience.”

In vain Rose answered to the voice, “I did not say Lillie opened it;” for immediately she

heard, " You said that you did not, and you left your father to think it was Lillie." " Well, Lillie's hand was on the door as well as mine," said Rose. " It was only to keep you from opening it," said the voice. " I cannot tell my father *now*, he is so angry," said Rose. " Lillie has to bear his anger," said the voice. " I will tell Miss Maitland to-night," said Rose, and she repeated this to herself again and again, that she might not hear what the voice would say farther.

The girl was sent up to Lillie with a light, and a message from Mrs. Gwynne advising her to go to bed at once, and charging her to put the light out before she lay down. Then came the silent, cheerless tea-table, where every one missed Lillie, who always was so pleased to wait on them. After tea, Rose was sent to bed in Miss Maitland's room.

" Good night, my *good* child ; I am glad there is one of my children whom I can love," said Major Stanhope, as he drew Rose close to his bosom and kissed her.

Rose burst into tears, for the sharp thrust from conscience was more than she could bear.

" Oh, papa !" she sobbed, " love I—— Lillie is good—better than I am."

“ Well, well, I would have you love her ; it is all right—good night—good night,” and Major Stanhope rose and pushed her a little from him. She had begun with the intention of telling him all, but it could not have been a very strong intention, for that little push was enough to destroy it. Rose went, and Miss Maitland being detained for a few minutes by Mrs. Gwynne and Major Stanhope, found her, when she went to her room, not only in bed, but apparently asleep. Rose had made great haste, for she was very much afraid of conversation with Miss Maitland. She had an uneasy consciousness that Miss Maitland suspected, if she did not know, the truth. Miss Maitland never slept without prayer, and it would have been a comfort to poor, weeping, lonely Lillie, if she could have known how earnestly her good governess prayed this evening that she might be forgiven if she had done wrong ; and that, if she had not, her truth might be made manifest.

CHAPTER VII.

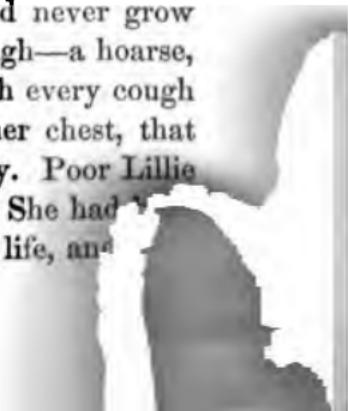
VERY sad and very lonely did the evening seem to Lillie. At first she could do nothing but weep. Then she began again to question, "Could mamma mean that I should bear such things for Rose?" Just then she remembered a text she had lately learned, in which were the words, "Who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself;" and she thought, "Miss Maitland says we ought to bear with each other, because the blessed Saviour has borne with so much more from us; but it is very hard to bear with Rose; it was mean and cruel in her, and I never can love her again." Here the thoughts became confused; there was another passionate burst of weeping, and then the remembrance, "But the Saviour loves us, and he says we must love our enemies; my little sister Rose that I loved so, my enemy! Oh! it is too hard!" Another burst of tears; then the memory, "Mamma said I must be her little mother. Mothers do not let their children tell stories; ought I to let Rose tell them? Maybe she

will get to be very wicked, so that nobody can trust her, and all through my fault. Oh! I wish I knew what was right. Miss Maitland could tell me, if I could only see her. I will listen till I hear her going to her room, and then I will call her and tell her all about it, and get her to promise that she will not tell papa, unless it is right."

This resolution brought great peace to Lillie.

"Miss Maitland will know what is right," she thought; "and if I am only sure that I am right, and that I am doing what mamma meant, I can bear it all." So Lillie drew to the side of her bed next the door, and left the door a little open that she might hear Miss Maitland's step. She would not undress herself till she had seen her governess, but she put out her light, because the servant had told her not to keep it long. "There will be light enough from the window to undress by," she thought, and so she sat down by the bed, and being very tired, she leaned her head upon the pillows, and waited and listened. The house was still, and Lillie was weary and worn with excitement, and she did not watch long. She slept, and slept so soundly, that though her

grandmother stopped at her door to listen if she were moving, and finding all still, shut and latched the door, it did not rouse her. How long Lillie lay thus asleep without covering in the cold room no one ever knew —it may have been for hours. At length she woke, cold, shivering, her limbs aching from her cramped position, and her throat feeling stiff, swollen, and very sore. For a little while she found it difficult to remember where she was, and why she should be sitting there alone at the dead of night; then all came back to her, and she went to the door, and opening it softly, peered out into the darkness. All was still, and she concluded that Miss Maitland must be in bed, and that she must wait till morning to ask her advice; so, returning to the bedside, Lillie undressed and lay down in the dark. She was very cold, and shivered so that the bedstead shook with her. It seemed to her that she would never grow warm; then she began to cough—a hoarse, rough, barking cough; and with every cough came pains darting through her chest, that seemed to take her breath away. Poor Lillie knew not what to make of it. She had been ill but once before in all her life, and



she was so young that all she could remember of it was how tenderly her mamma had nursed her, and how anxiously her papa had hung over her sick bed; and now—the contrast was too great, and Lillie turned her aching head on the pillow and wept bitterly. As morning dawned she began to grow warm, very warm—her head throbbed, her lips were parched—then she grew confused and drowsy, and at last she slept, but it was a disturbed sleep—starting, moaning, muttering.

At the usual hour Major Stanhope, Mrs. Gwynne, Miss Maitland, and Rose, assembled in the breakfast parlour.

“Have you heard anything of Lillie this morning?” asked Major Stanhope of Mrs. Gwynne.

“No; I sent to see if she wanted anything, but she was asleep, and I told the girl not to awake her, as she might have been disturbed last night, poor child.”

“I think she had better be called to breakfast. Rose, tell your sister we are at breakfast,” said the Major.

The command was not a pleasant one to Rose, and she went very slowly to obey it. Those who were in the breakfast parlour

heard her going up—up—up, with heavy step. They heard the latch turn in the door, and then, with the delay of only a few seconds, the door was again flung open, and Rose came rapidly down stairs, bounding from step to step, and, rushing into the breakfast parlour, cried, “Papa, do go and see Lillie—something is the matter with her.”

“What makes you think so?” asked her father, rising, however, as he spoke.

“Oh, papa! she is so red and hot; and though she is asleep, and I could not wake her, she keeps moving and talking all the time.”

Before Rose had half-finished her description Major Stanhope was on his way to Lillie. He found her in a high fever. As he took her hand to feel her pulse she opened her eyes, looking at him at first staringly, and with a frightened expression.

“Lillie, my child, what is the matter?” he inquired gently, laying his hand upon her forehead. His voice seemed to quiet her, and she said, “Oh, dear papa! please to take away Mr. James’s bird; it is running its long bill through me here—just here, papa,” and she placed her hand upon her chest.

Major Stanhope knew enough of illness to know that Lillie was very ill. He soothed her gently—sent Rose, who stood by his side wondering and frightened, to call Miss Maitland, and leaving Lillie in her care, wrote a note and despatched a messenger to Providence for a physician.

The physician came, and Major Stanhope led him to Lillie's room. He stood beside her bed, gravely watching her troubled tossings to and fro, and hearing her muttered words, interrupted now and then by a hoarse cough; he placed his finger on her pulse, and with his watch in the other hand, carefully counted its rapid beats; then turning silently away, he walked down stairs, followed by the anxious father and by Rose, who, unnoticed, had stood beside him and watched his every movement and glance while he was examining Lillie's condition. She stole softly into the parlour after her father, and listened attentively to every word that fell from Dr. K—in the short conversation that followed.

“ Well, doctor, what do you think of my child?” asked Major Stanhope, in a voice that did not seem to Rose like her father's—it was so agitated and tremulous.

“She is very ill, sir.”

“Will she die, doctor?”

Major Stanhope could hardly articulate the words. He never knew till that moment how dearly he loved his child. The only two acts of her life that had ever given him pain were forgotten, and he remembered only the thousand gentle, loving traits that had made her so unspeakably dear to him, long, long ago. He was not the only earnest listener to the doctor’s answer. Rose pressed close to her father—as closely as her fear of being seen and sent away would permit her, and leaning forward towards the doctor, waited with pale cheeks, and a heart that throbbed as if it would burst from her bosom, for the words that would tell her whether Lillie would live or die.

“Will she die, doctor?” asked Major Stanhope.

“That, sir, it is not for me to say, yet I should not do my duty if I did not say that her symptoms are very discouraging. She has severe inflammation of the lungs—that is evident enough and bad enough too; but that is not all, the brain seems to be affected. Has she had any fright or any great distress lately?”

“A circumstance occurred yesterday evening which doubtless gave her great agitation—the consequence of a childish fault—my poor Lillie!”

“I would not distress you, sir, but”—the doctor stopped, as if he were almost afraid to say what was in his mind.

“Speak out, doctor; I would rather know the worst.”

“I fear this anxious, agitated state of mind, which evidently continues, will render her case hopeless. I will do my best, but I fear she must die.”

This last word was followed by a sharp cry, which caused the doctor and Major Stanhope to start and look quickly in the direction whence it came, and there was Rose.

“Oh, papa! papa!” she cried, as her father turned to her, “Lillie must not die—she shall not die;” then, as her father drew near and attempted to take her in his arms, she threw herself on her knees before him, and holding up her clasped hands, sobbed out, “Oh, papa! pray God to forgive me, and not to take my sister away from me.”

“We will both pray, my child,” said Major

Stanhope soothingly, as he lifted her from the floor.

“But I am—so—so—wicked, papa,” sobbed Rose, “I cannot pray; I pulled grandmamma’s flowers, and I let out Mr. James’s bird—and Lillie—Lillie wouldn’t tell on me.”

The conscience of Rose was at last fully awake, and would be obeyed. Yet she trembled as she said the words, for she expected to be driven from her father—to be punished—perhaps to be shut up by herself for days, and that would indeed be a grievous punishment now, when she was frightened and agitated. But Major Stanhope seemed to forget, for the moment at least, the crime of Rose, in the memory of Lillie’s noble, generous conduct, and of what he now thought had been his harshness to her. He withdrew his arms from Rose, it is true, but he did not do it angrily—he seemed indeed to forget her altogether—and sinking upon a chair, he covered his face with his hands, and, to the surprise of Rose, who never supposed that a man could cry, great sobs heaved his bosom, and tears rolled down his cheeks, as the thought—“My good, my generous child!—and I pushed her from me; I would not hear her”—darted

through his mind with as keen a pang as if a sword had stabbed him.

The Doctor thought Major Stanhope would rather be alone, and went up stairs to give his directions to Miss Maitland; and Rose, even more awed by her father's grief than she would have been by his anger, stole after him, but not to Lillie's room; there she dared not go, or if anxiety to know how her sister was, forced her to enter it, the wild, staring eyes, and hoarse mutterings of poor Lillie, drove her away in terror. Rose was indeed finding that "the way of the transgressor is hard." How gladly would she now have endured any punishment that her father could have had the heart to inflict, rather than the sharp pain of that terrible thought, which would come to her again and again, even in the day, let her try ever so hard to forget it, and which, when the dark, silent night came, so terrified her that she could not sleep, unless some one sat beside her and held her hand, and which troubled her even in her dreams, making her cry out with fright. That thought was, "You have grieved Lillie, and troubled her, and now she is ill and will die, and it is as bad as if you had killed her." Oh what a terrible

thought! No wonder that it made Rose grow pale, and lose her flesh in a few days, as if she had been ill. There is no pain in the world like the pain of a troubled conscience. Remember this, dear children, when you are tempted to do wrong, and it may help you to resist the temptation, and so to preserve that peace of conscience which is better than all the riches and pleasures of the world.

CHAPTER VIII.

FOR many days Lillie lay thus between life and death, knowing no one, conscious of nothing except the great pain which made her moan perpetually, and the parching thirst of fever. She had a kind nurse in Miss Maitland, and Mrs. Gwynne watched every change in her with the deepest anxiety; but neither of them hung over her with such tenderness and trembling apprehension as Major Stanhope felt. Every moan that Lillie gave seemed to reproach him for not listening to her assurances of her innocence. The evening of the day on which Rose had made her confession, when

she was going to bed, she offered her father as usual her good-night kiss; but Major Stanhope, who had not seemed to notice her at all through the day, turned his face away from her, saying hastily, "Go—go, child." Before Rose had gone many steps, however, he called her back in a stern voice, probably with the intention of inflicting some punishment upon her for her falsehood; but, as he glanced at her, her face was so pale and spiritless that his heart was moved with pity, and, taking her hand, he said gravely, but not harshly, "Do you know that you have committed a great sin?"

Rose hung her head, and tears filled her eyes—she could not speak.

"It would have been my duty to punish you," said Major Stanhope, "but God is punishing you more severely than I could do. You can never, I think, forget Lillie's pale face and heavy moans, and as long as you remember them you can never, I am sure, tell another lie. Go now," he added more gently than before; and Rose, glad to be released, waited for no second command.

At length there came a day when Dr. K—— did not go away at all. He said that morning

to Major Stanhope, "I think, sir, this day will decide whether your daughter will recover or not. The fever is broken now; if she have strength to rally, all will be well."

That day Major Stanhope never left Lillie's bedside. He spoke seldom, but he prayed much that God would give him back his child. All day Lillie slept heavily, scarcely rousing at all, even to swallow the nourishment which was occasionally given her by the Doctor's direction. Toward evening, however, as the western sun was shining brightly into the windows of the room, she opened her eyes, and, looking into her father's face, said softly, "Papa."

It was the first time since her illness that Lillie had shown any knowledge of those around her, and Major Stanhope could scarcely restrain his tears of thankful joy as he bent over her, and touching her pale, thin cheek with his lips, asked tenderly, "What does my darling want?"

A sweet smile broke over Lillie's face, driving away all the troubled anxious expression it had worn during her illness, and whispering "Nothing," she closed her eyes, and was again in a placid sleep.

"She will do now," said the Doctor, as he rose and left the room.

For some days Lillie slept and woke and slept again, remaining awake just long enough to take the simple nourishment prepared for her. One morning Major Stanhope brought in some very fine hot-house grapes. Lillie was just awake, and showing them to her he said, "See, my daughter, what Mr. James has sent you."

Lillie looked for a moment at the beautiful fruit; then the smile it had called to her lips faded away, her pale cheeks flushed a little, and tears filled her eyes, and throwing her arm around her father's neck as he bent over her, she said with a weak, trembling voice, "Papa, you don't think I was so wicked as to tell you a story."

"No, my darling, Rose has told me all. I know how unjust I was to you, but we will talk of it another time, you are too weak now."

Lillie lay quiet for a little while, then laying her thin little hand on her father's, she said, "Where is poor Rose, papa?"

"Not far off, Lillie; we have been afraid to let her come in here for a day or two for

fear she would talk too much for you : our Rose is a great chatterbox, you know, especially when she feels as happy as she has done since you have been getting better."

"But I would like to hear her talk ; please, papa, let her come in."

Major Stanhope opened the door, and found Rose near, watching an opportunity to get a glance of Lillie through it. Her heart danced with delight when her father said, " You may go in to see your sister, but you must not weary her by talking too much."

Major Stanhope passed on and went down stairs, leaving the children to have their first interview alone. In an instant Rose was on Lillie's bed, and their arms were closely wrapped around each other.

" I told papa all about the bird, and the flowers too, Lillie, and told Miss Maitland and grandmamma, and Beckey too, and they all know how good you were ; and now that you have got well again, Lillie, I will do everything you want me to do, and I'll try never to—to—I mean I'll try always to tell the truth when I do naughty things."

" You were very good to tell them all ; but what did they say, Rose ?"

"Papa did not say anything at first; he only let me go, and sat down and cried, Lillie; he did cry, for I saw him."

Lillie said nothing, but she cried a little herself to hear it.

"But that evening," Rose continued, "he called me to him and looked very cross, and said it was a great sin what I had done, and God was punishing me for it."

"How, darling? What punishment did papa mean?"

"Your being so ill, Lillie, and my being afraid you would never get well."

Rose said the last few words in a whisper, as if the thought were too solemn to be expressed aloud.

"You need not have felt so bad, darling; it was my fault, too, you know; I let papa believe it was I."

"Miss Maitland said she thought you were a little wrong, and that she would talk to you about it when you got well; but papa did not like her to say so, and I know I think you are the best Lillie in the world," and again and again Rose kissed this best and dearest of Lillies.

"Nearly two weeks passed away, and

then, on another Sabbath, Rose and Lillie were seated on each side of Miss Maitland—not in the piazza as formerly, but in the warm, cozy parlour, beside a glowing fire. The little girls had been reciting a Bible lesson. It was from the eighteenth chapter of Matthew—those beautiful verses which tell us that the Saviour having set a little child in the midst of his disciples, told them, that, if they would please him, they must take that little child for their model, and become such as he was.

“But how could great men become like little children?” questioned Rose.

“A little child, when it is not a spoiled child,” said Miss Maitland, “is very simple and humble, does not think very much of its own judgment, but is guided by what its parents think, and is obedient to all their commands; and a man becomes like a little child, when he grows humble and simple, when he is not guided by his own inclinations in what he does, so much as by what he learns of his heavenly Father’s will, striving to be obedient to him in all things.”

Then came the verse about “offending one of these little ones;” and Miss Maitland said

it was thought to express the very great guilt of those by whom one that was striving to obey God—one that had therefore become as a little child—was induced to offend; that is, to do wrong, to commit sin.

“What do you think, Rose, is the very worst thing that can happen to any one?” asked Miss Maitland.

After a little thought, Rose said, “To be ill and full of pain, as Lillie was.”

“Do you think so, Lillie?” asked Miss Maitland, with a smile.

“Oh, no!” cried Lillie, “it was worse when papa did not love me, and nobody would speak to me.”

“And do you think, Rose, that even this was as bad as what you felt when you feared Lillie would die, and thought that it was your fault.”

“Oh! I had forgot—that was worst of all!” exclaimed Rose, earnestly.

“And that,” said Miss Maitland, “bad as it was, is not the worst suffering that doing wrong might bring upon us, even in this world; but even if it brought no suffering—if we had grown so hard that we never felt the touch of the golden spear, do you not

think the worst of all possible things, is to grow so wicked as to become hateful to God, and all good and holy beings?"

Miss Maitland spoke very solemnly; and Rose and Lillie scarcely raised their voices above a whisper, as they answered, "Yes."

"You know how everybody loves a sweet little baby—they love it because it seems so pure and innocent, so sinless. Now, would it not be the pleasantest thing in the world if we could always remain so?"

"Oh yes!" cried both the children at once, and Rose added, "I do love little babies."

"We do not remain so pure and lovely only because we commit sin. Every time we do wrong and do not repent of it, and seek earnestly through the grace of our heavenly Father to be forgiven, and to be kept from doing so again, we depart farther and farther from the sweetness of our babyhood. Now, do you not think those are our best friends who help us to do right, and who keep us from doing wrong—from getting a habit of sinning, and so losing all the loveliness of our nature, even though they prevent us by sharp punishment."

The children did not speak immediate!

and Miss Maitland added, "I am sure a little thought will make you agree with me, that you would rather bear even the pain of punishment than grow so hardened and wicked that no good being could love you."

"I would," said Lillie, softly; "and I too," added Rose.

"Then, is it a kind act in any one to help us to hide our faults, so that we may not be corrected—may not learn how evil they are—may not therefore feel penitent for them—may indeed add to them, whatever they are, the worst fault of deception? Is it kind, I say, to help us in this way?"

Lillie hung her head. Rose looked at her for a moment, and then laying her hand on hers, said, "Lillie meant to be kind to me."

"And I did not want Rose to deceive papa," said Lillie, still unable to raise her eyes; "but I could not tell on her."

"And you were generous enough rather to bear her punishment"—and Miss Maitland kissed Lillie's forehead—"but do you not think it would have been kinder and better if you had persuaded her to do what was right—to speak the truth, and had stood by her, encouraging and helping her to do it?"

“Oh yes!” said the ingenuous Lillie; “that would have been better, and that must have been what my mamma meant when she told me that I must be a little mother to Rose.”

A few days after this Mr. James called to see Major Stanhope, or rather, as he said, to see for himself how his little friend Lillie was. The sisters were in the school-room, when Major Stanhope opened the door and requested Miss Maitland to permit Lillie to come to the parlour to see the old gentleman, adding that it was particularly kind in him, who so seldom visited, to come so far to see a little girl.

“And when he thought I had been so naughty as to let his bird out too, papa,” said Lillie.

Rose sprang from her seat. “Please let me go too, Miss Maitland,” she cried eagerly; and without waiting for an answer, she ran after her father and Lillie, coming up with them just as they were at the door of the parlour.

“Stop, papa!” she exclaimed, in breathless haste; “let me go first; I want to tell Mr. James it was I—it wasn’t Lillie.”

“Oh, Rose!” cried Lillie, laying her hand

on her, as if to hold her back; "but no," she added in a moment, "it is right, papa—isn't it?"

"Certainly, my child."

"Then let us go together, Rose;" and while Major Stanhope stood in the doorway, Rose and Lillie entered hand in hand, and going up to Mr. James, Rose said, with a hurried manner, as if she were a little frightened, "Mr. James—I let the bird out—it wasn't Lillie."

"But Rose did not mean to do it, Mr. James," interposed Lillie; "she only opened the cage to give the bird some apple."

"It was wrong to open the cage, but it is very right to tell the truth about it," said Mr. James. "I see I can trust you as well as Lillie, so I think I must give these to you both." Mr. James pointed as he spoke to two flower-pots, containing—one a white hyacinth, and the other a crocus in bloom.

"Oh, how very good you are, Mr. James!" cried Lillie, while Rose went into ecstasies over the flowers.

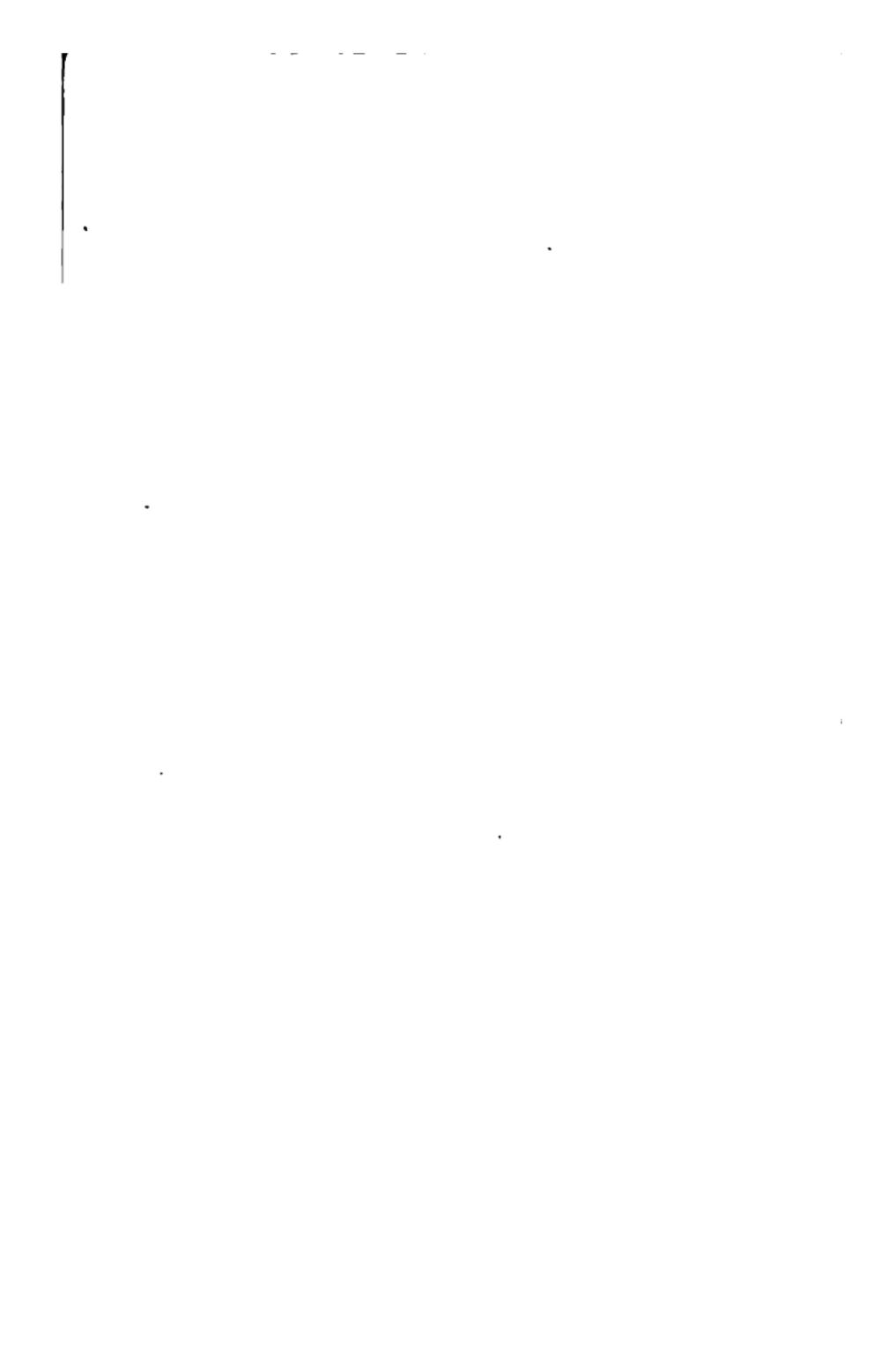
"Lillie," she began, "you shall have—no—you love hyacinths—you shall have the hyacinth."

“But you love them too, Rose; so we will both have them.”

And here we leave Lillie and Rose with their good governess, their kind grandmother, and their tender father. We leave them full of pleasure, and we feel confident that they will continue happy, for they are striving to correct their faults—to do right in all things; and of such the Bible assures us, that all “their ways are ways of pleasantness, and all their paths are peace.”

THE END.





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